VOL. CCXII, No. 2761

Fit "TripleX" Reg'd - and be safe

THE SPHERE, JANUARY 10, 1953
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

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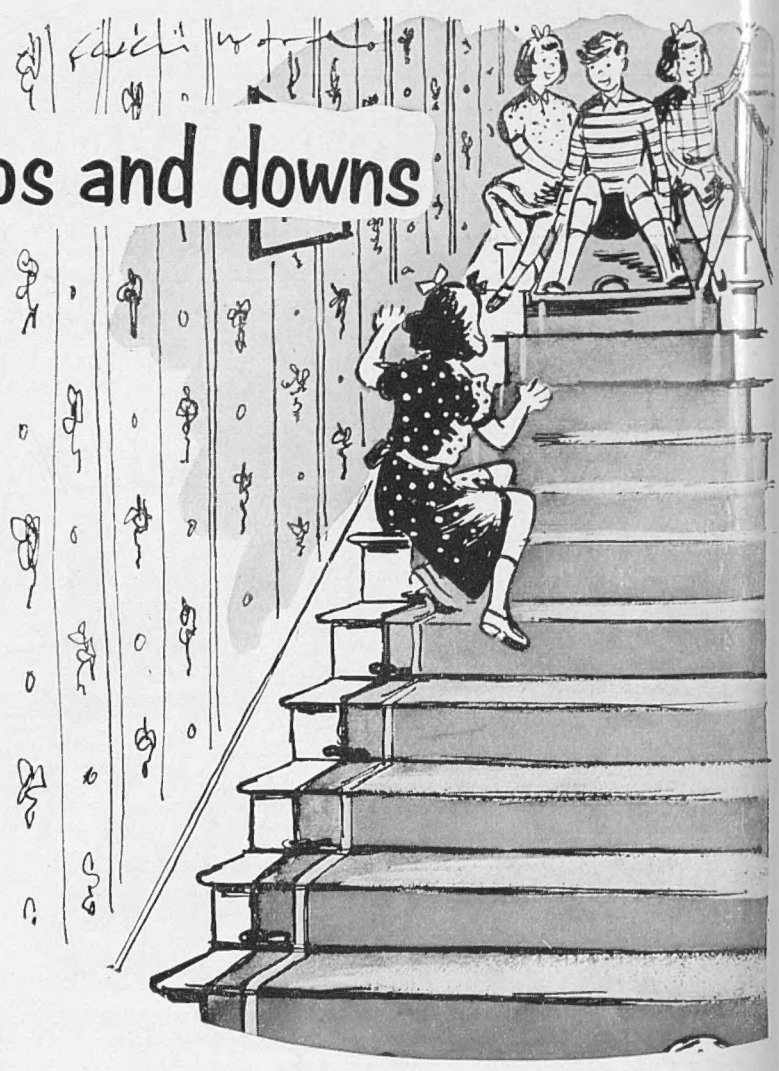
"I think I'd like
a White Horse
better than anything"

Our carpets can stand life's ups and downs



Children *do* give a carpet a beating—but a BMK can take it! A BMK is *made* to take rough treatment—and come up smiling year after year. That's thanks to the tough, springy wool of the Scotch Blackfaced sheep, blended with other fine wools. And then there's that old Kilmarnock workmanship. Centuries of weaving know-how on the up-to-datest looms give you carpet value that does take a lot of beating! Designs? Colours? Well, BMK have several designers working full-time. But it won't only be a gay carpet —it'll be a good carpet too, if it's a BMK.

So look for that label.

Mothproof for-ever! All BMK carpets and rugs are made permanently mothproof. Even dry-cleaning, washing and wear-and-tear won't affect the mothproofing.

***MOTHPROOF* CARPETS AND RUGS**

BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

Volume CCXII No. 2761 The SPHERE, London, January 10, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

CANADIAN SABRES FOR BRITAIN—THE CANADIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER, MR. NORMAN ROBERTSON (LEFT), AT THE OFFICIAL CEREMONY AT ABINGDON, BERKS, AT WHICH HE HANDED OVER TO LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY, V.C., SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR, THE FIRST EIGHT OF THE 300 TO 400 CANADIAN-BUILT F86E SABRE JET FIGHTERS WHICH THE R.A.F. WILL OPERATE IN GERMANY FOR THE DEFENCE OF WESTERN EUROPE: These will be the first swept-wing supersonic fighters to go into service with the R.A.F.; but two British types, the Hawker Hunter and Supermarine Swift, are in production on a very high priority basis.

Last month R.A.F. Transport Command ferry pilots flew from Quebec with the first eight Sabres for the R.A.F., and these aircraft, handed over at Abingdon last week, are now destined for high-altitude defence operations in Germany. Some will replace less modern aircraft in existing squadrons; others which come on later will be used to form new squadrons. The R.A.F. element which forms the major part of the 2nd Allied Tactical Air Force based in Germany is thus undergoing a greater expansion than any other R.A.F. command. Handing the eight Sabres over to Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., Secretary of State for Air, the High Commissioner said that although the exact number of fighters to be sent had not been announced, it would be nearer 400 than 300. This represented by far the largest single act of military assistance given by Canada to the United Kingdom since the war. It represented, on Canada's part alone, a total of about 100,000,000 dollars.

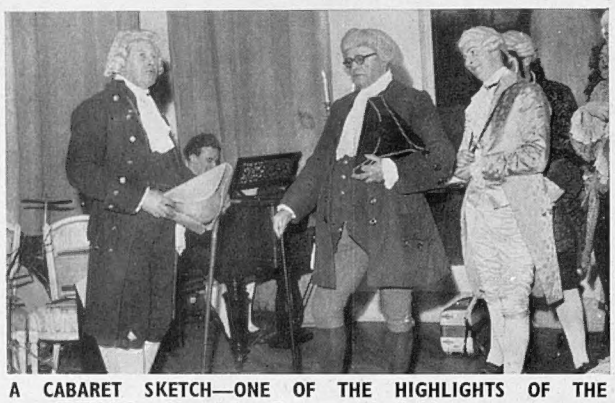
Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

AN 18TH-CENTURY COMING-OF-AGE BALL

AT THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BALL GIVEN BY MR. AND MRS. JOHN DRUMMOND, OF MEGGINCH CASTLE, ERROL, PERTHSHIRE, IN HONOUR OF THE COMING OF AGE OF THEIR DAUGHTER HEATHER: Mr. and Mrs. Drummond with their three daughters and son-in-law. In the front row (from left to right) are Mrs. Drummond, Miss Heather Drummond and Mrs. Humphrey Evans. Standing are Mr. Drummond, Miss April Drummond and Mr. Evans. Some 150 guests attended the ball at Megginch Castle.

SOME OF THE MASKED GUESTS ARRIVING FOR THE BALL AT MEGGINCH CASTLE: A coachman, who is also clad in eighteenth-century style, is seen on duty at the door.

MR. BASIL DEAN, THE WELL-KNOWN PRODUCER, WITH MISS HEATHER DRUMMOND: Mr. Dean was leading his charming partner into the ballroom for the start of a minuet.



A CABARET SKETCH—ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE EVENING: Mr. John Drummond (left) was portraying James Boswell and Mr. Basil Dean was Dr. Johnson.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

This year—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A Message of Goodwill.—Nothing in my view in the dismal and bitter year of 1952 was more encouraging than almost its last news item. I mean the message of goodwill sent by the President, T.U.C., to Mr. Churchill as he set sail for America. The message was indeed heartening—and the Premier's simple answer was "word-perfect." It couldn't be bettered, and it told us a lot about his feelings on receiving it. It told us also that a good deal of exchange of views has taken place on one item at least of Mr. Churchill's provisional agenda in his talks with the new President. The dismal Jimmies and fellow-travellers who have always taken it for granted that "the workers" are solidly "agin Conservatism," utterly distrustful of and opposed to any policy or action by a Tory Government, will find that message of goodwill bitter to digest. The Premier and the Government have worked hard during a year of intense difficulty and danger, and nothing on earth could be more appropriate, or put new heart into them more effectively, than that charmingly-worded exchange. It made me feel that in the outward bitterness and injustice of 1952, as coloured by party propaganda, the decent qualities of our nation have survived and are still strong in us. Still, as of old, we acknowledge good work when we see it and can reward courage and patriotism generously without reserve. And no day in the year could more appropriately have been chosen for those proofs. I set this goodwill message at the head of my page. If I were Baedeker, I should give it three stars. It gives 1953 a better send-off than I thought possible

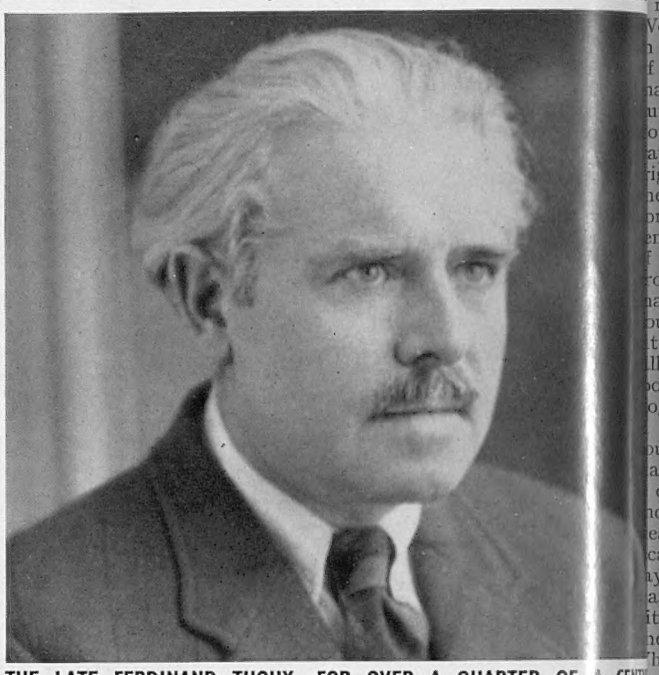
America's Iron Curtain.—The McCarran Immigration Act in practice certainly justifies a mild jeer at what goes on behind the back of the Statue of Liberty. The Land of Freedom, never to be outdone by Russia, is making for herself an iron curtain of triple strength. It is certainly true of the world to-day that Communism has done what onions or boiled cabbage does in a lodging-house where the cook is inexpert; its smell has penetrated into every corner of every room, filled the hall and passed out into the street. And, I think, it has dismally affected the characters of all the lodgers. For my part I like onions, and have found a certain amount of domestic discipline (such as shutting the kitchen door and opening a window) can cure the trouble. But the Land of Freedom, unable to achieve such discipline, falls back on the elaborate process of screening or deodorising every onion before it reaches the kitchen. You may deodorise a red onion in theory, perhaps, but, when it comes to the boil, the nose will discover that the job has only been half done. "The thoughts of a man are not try-able," it has been well said, and it is difficult to believe that satisfactory answers to a carefully-drawn-up questionnaire can really prove that in any circumstances a foreign sailor or an international football player will prove politically "true blue." It is no proof that a Belgian who removes his hat when he hears the "Brabançonne" played is innocent of republican sentiments; still less that, if innocent to-day, he may not acquire such sentiments to-morrow. In short, the McCarran Act seems to reveal those United States in one of their periodic fits of humourless absurdity. The Statue of Liberty should be crowned with a tall fool's-cap.

"The New Diplomacy."—The *New York Times*, by a questionnaire, extracted a Christmas-box from M. Stalin. Only journalists, it seems to me, get Christmas-boxes or Easter Eggs out of Uncle Joe. Statesmen and ambassadors and delegates get boxes on the ear or rotten eggs. This is by no means the first time that American publicists have got replies which hopefully suggest that Stalin is anxious to preserve the peace and end the cold war. True, most of his "olive branches" carry thorns, and most of his conciliation is negatived with insults next day per Vyshinsky. But I often think that that may be due in part to the fact that Truman's statesmen invariably received Russian "feelers" with an expression of total disbelief. It may be realism to do so; it was not the old diplomatic way. Perhaps Mr. Dulles will try a little gesture of courtesy. Mr. Churchill went off to leave cards on the President-elect on his way to Jamaica. If Ike is "at home," we know now one subject which Mr. Churchill will bring up. It was an important item on the recent Commonwealth Conference agenda and it was not enlarged on in the brief report of "business done." Later on, three fishers will go sailing out into the West, to resume official discussions with the new Administration matters of mutual interest—Premier, Foreign Secretary and Chancellor. And perhaps Lord Alexa will go too. And I suppose it is just possible M. Stalin may have responded to "probes" at hopefully enough for the question then to be r whether one more attempt might not be made t the big three round a table again to see wh convivial intercourse between three men of the (none of whom is otherwise than sane), all of w have vast influence over seven-eighths of the (between them), might not convince them (*nem.* that there really is no good reason after all for ke humanity for ever groping in fear and hatred. I w add France to the party, but the chances are sl that she would be without a Government on any fixed a month or two in advance.

Truman Obliges Also.—Truly, American journalist has a way with him. Tw them at the end of the year got into the White H and got away with exclusive "stories" autogra by the retiring President. The President wa reminiscent mood when he handed out these privileges with "you can quote me, boys." Be he stole his successor's limelight, he himself lo rather dingy under its glare, and a much sm man than he sometimes appeared during his Presid Most men in highest office know in their hearts their reputation in history will rest, not on t memoirs or apologias, but on their political achie ments as viewed decades after their deaths, reinfo no doubt by the more responsible contempo opinion of their worth. In America, no doubt, spoken word is more regarded than over here, these interviews are always banner headlined. old-fashioned opinion may still regard it as a re President's or Premier's best course and prime to make things as easy as possible for his succe and to leave his own reputation for wisdom to test of time. Often enough, the time test is s His successor's mistakes may enhance his own ness. If it be the other way about, his self-justific has done him no service. It won't help Ike or swe relations with the Soviets to tell the world of chances of world conquest which Stalin was enough to miss, nor will Truman's Delphic ingenuous solutions of the Korean impasse imp his reputation for statesmanship.

Reprieved.—I don't know the precise portion of murderers condemned to hang by ju of Assize who are reprieved by the Home Secreta advice, but it is very high, and a few years back

FERDINAND TUOHY, A DISTINGUISHED JOURNALI



THE LATE FERDINAND TUOHY, FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTU THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT OF "THE SPHERE," WHO DIED LONDON LAST SUNDAY AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-ONE: Mr. Tuoh death took place at the Catholic Nursing Institute, Lambeth Ro

Since the middle '20's Ferdinand Tuohy had been a regular contributor THE SPHERE on Foreign Affairs, covering a very wide field in his artic but beyond doubt he was best informed on all that pertained to events in Fre where he spent many years and knew all the outstanding figures in French poli life in this troubled century of short-lived Governments. A notable contribu to THE SPHERE between the wars was that on Pierre Laval, who, as yet unkn to the world at large, was revealed by Mr. Tuohy as a potential danger to n French State. In his early days Mr. Tuohy was the correspondent of a l York daily newspaper in Europe and many were his adventures in that capac not least an attempt to acquire for his paper the private correspondence of late Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria with the celebrated Katharina Sch In the 1914-18 war Mr. Tuohy served as an intelligence officer, and one of books, *The Secret Corps*, was based on war experiences. In the Second W War he was an accredited foreign correspondent and broadcast in the Em programme. Ferdinand Tuohy will be mourned by a great circle of friends Fleet Street, who admired him for his ability as a journalist, for his ebullience social occasions, his never-failing fund of good stories and his capacity for friend

higher still. For that advice seemed at one period in recent years to vary according to the office-holder's views on capital punishment. The Home Secretary's power to recommend mercy was a much greater safeguard against a judicial blunder before the Court of Criminal Appeal was instituted, but it has been used infinitely more ever since. That fact suggests that the practice is bad for the authority of the Assize Court and is making a mere formality of the awful procedure which ends a conviction in a murder trial. For if the judge's solemn words are fifty-fifty "all my eye," then his black cap is a fool's-cap, and his authority is diminished. Quite obviously, the Home Secretary's increasing intervention is due to changing ideas concerning the rightness of capital punishment for murder. But hanging still remains the appropriate penalty for a man convicted and found to be sane when he did the deed, and no critic of capital punishment has ever complained that a convicted murderer does not receive a fair trial (with every advantage on *his* side) in the four courts which may investigate his case before conviction, the coroner's, the magistrate's, the Assize and the appeal courts. That being agreed, and the facts concerning reprieves being what they are, it seems high time for one more commission to reconsider and make recommendations on the present application of the supreme penalty, before the High Court Judges become mere rubber stamps.

If Winter Comes.—It is always an unpleasant surprise to "wake up" after Christmas and New Year festivities and to be reminded that Christmas falls at the end of "autumn conditions" in *our* calendar (and *proves* it under average weather conditions), and that with January we may expect "real winter" for a quarter of a year or even a third. We enjoyed in 1952 a rather colder autumn than usual in the earlier phase, and the mildness of the last weeks of the year was a pleasant relief. But a cold autumn made big demands on our fuel. The stuff sent out from the pits for household consumption is notoriously worse in quality than in the bad old days of competition, and the prices charged are frightful even for best quality. Time and again, the vicious circle is revealed when a householder complains. The answer always is: "There is no remedy: the customer always pays." Take the case of the manufactured anthracite fuels which, sold around £7 a ton, have this year fallen lower in quality than I can remember. These ovals, designed for small house stoves, should be firm and clean-burning, disintegrating at last into a fine, whitish powder which falls through the bars. This autumn they have been too often black, damp puff-balls in their delivered state, clogging the stove, unwilling to take fire and, if delivered in bulk, crushed into black mud before use. If a householder complains to his local supplier, the latter blames it on the county supplier, who in turn blames it on the pit or the manufacturer. The householder finds he must take it or take nothing, pay and look pleasant. Occasionally, he may elect to change his local supplier. But he will be no better off. We pay astronomically for every ton, of which 50 per cent. is not burnable. We pay £14 a ton for fuel which with everlasting care will barely serve to warm us. There is no remedy from the Law or the Prophets of Whitehall.

"This England."—I don't know whether it is wise for a journalist to read and chuckle over the *New Statesman's* annual selections from its "This England" feature. Journalism is an ephemeral literature and many of us poor hacks write with an eye on the clock. "This England" pillories us in our careless moments, catches us on the wrong foot, off our guard, in ridiculous or foolish posture. Wisely or not, I always read this Annual, and I am not sure whether I glory in or regret the fact that I have never yet stood in the pillory. (Certainly I blush for many sentences I have written.) When Johnson and Bozzy were walking back to Gough Square, they passed one day the Temple Bar gate, with its mummified heads of criminals set up on its pikes, and the quotation passed: "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebiter illis." No doubt if I wrote for 2,000,000 daily readers, my head would by now have been spiked on this Temple Bar. But I could never compete, even in my least lucid intervals, with the women's magazines when they are boosting royalty and the peerage: "I often think what fun it must be to be on the staff at Buckingham Palace. How proud you'd be to think if it wasn't for you, Princess Margaret wouldn't have had that boiled egg." "One of the things that attracted me to Blenheim was the hope that I might be shown round by the Duke, or at least see him and be able to marvel to myself: 'There! He looks just like an ordinary man.'" No sprints there! In "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," our sisters in Fleet Street have us men at. But I am always capable of letting pass a piece of construction such as this: "Stating he would return in time for supper, the body of a well-dressed man was found floating in the Regent's Canal."

THE OLD STAGER.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

LIVERPOOL—GATEWAY TO THE WESTERN OCEAN

By John Brophy

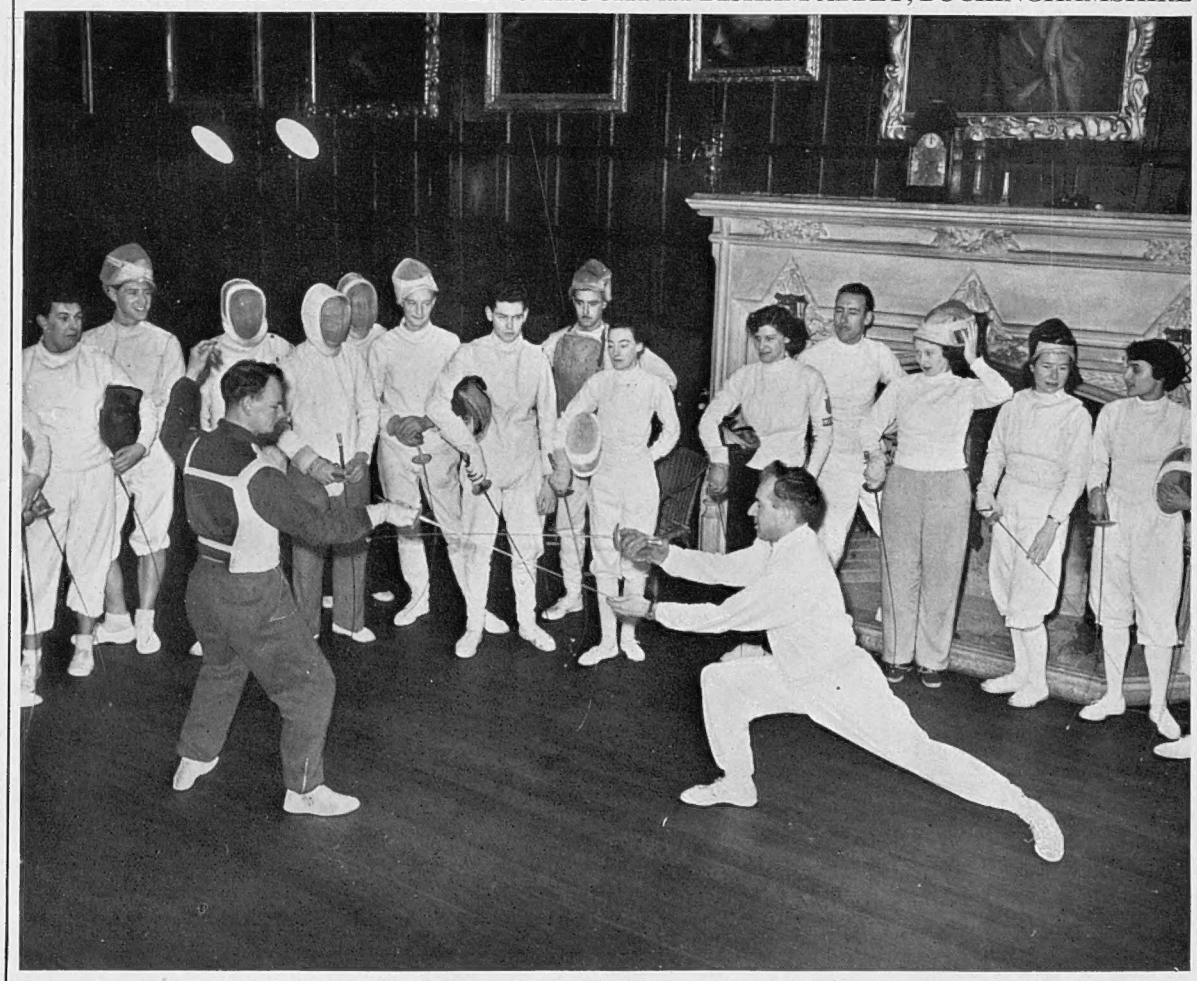
With drawings by Claude Muncaster

TWO CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY MEETS, THE ONE IN KENT AND THE OTHER IN ESSEX

THE CHILDREN OF KENT ATTEND A MEET OF THE TICKHAM, KENT, FOXHOUNDS OUTSIDE AN INN AT DODDINGTON, NEAR SITTINGBOURNE: On the left of the picture is Mr. W. J. Chesson, the Whipper-in, and in the centre, also mounted, is Mr. J. Pipes, the Huntsman, both of the Tickham Pack. The Tickham country consists chiefly of plough with several large woodlands. Sittingbourne, situated amid the cherry-growing district, is one of its best centres.

***On right*—**
THE YOUNG RIDERS MOVE OFF AFTER THE CHILDREN'S MEET OF THE ESSEX AND SUFFOLK HUNT AT "A" MESS, COLCHESTER BARRACKS: The country lies on the borders of the two counties, the southern and eastern regions being bordered by the River Blackwater and the North Sea.

THE ANCIENT ART OF FENCING BEING TAUGHT AT BISHAM ABBEY, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE



FENCING INSTRUCTION AT THE NATIONAL RECREATION CENTRE AT BISHAM ABBEY, NEAR MARLOW, IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: Professor W. M. Harmer-Brown (right), of the British Academy of Fencing, and Mr. P. H. Weston giving a fencing demonstration at Bisham Abbey. The National Recreation Centre there is run by the Central Council for Physical Education, a voluntary body concerned with sport for persons over school-leaving age. The aim of the Recreation Centre is to provide facilities for the study and practice of national sports of all kinds. The Centre can accommodate more than fifty-six students at a time, and courses there range from three days to a month.

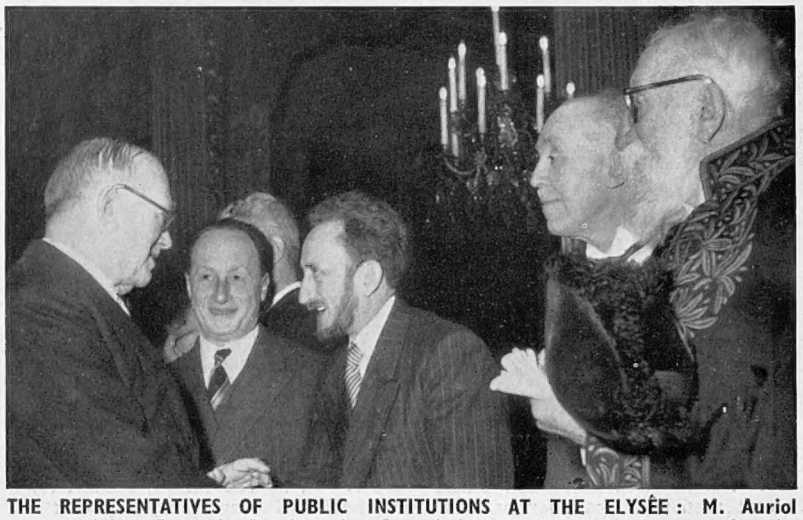
NEW YEAR AT THE ELYSEE PALACE

PRESIDENT AURIOL RESPONDS TO THE GOOD WISHES OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS WHO VISITED HIM AT THE ELYSEE PALACE TO PRESENT NEW YEAR GREETINGS : M. Auriol making his brief speech in reply to the speech of Monsignor Roncalli, the Apostolic Nuncio, who is standing in the centre of the group of envoys. The task of delivering the message fell to Monsignor Roncalli, as he is the doyen of the members of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Elysee. M. Auriol is now in his last year of office as President of the French Republic, a task he has fulfilled with the utmost distinction. Unfortunately, the year started with a Government crisis following the resignation of M. Pinay, Prime Minister for ten months.

PRESENTING THE GREETINGS OF THE ASSEMBLY : M. Edouard Herriot at the Elysee with President Auriol. M. Herriot, a former Premier, has been President of the Assembly for some years.

MARSHAL JUIN BRINGS HIS GOOD WISHES : The distinguished French soldier greeting President Auriol at the start of the New Year. Marshal Juin is C.-in-C. of the Allied Land Forces in Central Europe.

THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE MEETS THE PRESIDENT : Bearded M. Pavlov, a distinguished figure in diplomatic uniform, exchanging New Year greetings.



THE REPRESENTATIVES OF PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS AT THE ELYSÉE : M. Auriol receiving François Perrin, the Commissioner of Atomic Energy. On the right of the group stands M. Lecomte, a member of the Academy Français.

THE SWISS RETURN FROM MOUNT EVEREST

BACK TO GENEVA, FLOWER-DECKED AFTER A GLORIOUS ATTEMPT UPON THE WORLD'S HIGH PEAK : Members of the Swiss Everest expedition seen on reaching their homeb Persisting winds drove them back from the summit and forced them to abandon t second effort. On the left is Raymond Lambert (who with the Sherpa Tensing just fa to reach the top of Everest in the first expedition in 1952). Dr. Gabriel Chevalley, expedition's leader at the second attempt, stands near the centre (3rd from l Dr. Chevalley stated in an interview on arrival in Geneva that delay caused by accident in which a Sherpa was killed cost the expedition the most favourable p monsoon time—the first week of November—to make the final assault. The S climbers have sent their best wishes to the British expedition which is setting out this y

WORLD NEWS

From the Wolf Rock to the Korean Battlefield

D. N. PRITT IS CLEARED IN KENYA TRIAL

THE END OF A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE IN EAST AFRICA : Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C. (left), chief defe counsel at the Kapenguria trial of Jomo Kenyatta, the Mau Mau leader, leaving court at Nairobi in company with his own counsel after a rule nisi served on him contempt of court had been discharged with costs by the Supreme Court. It had b contended by the Attorney-General, Mr. John Whyatt, that in publishing to the E *African Standard* statements contained in a cable sent to four Labour M.P.s in Engl and particularly the statement that "it amounts in all to a denial of justice," Mr. P had been guilty of contempt of the court of the resident magistrate at Kapengu Mr. R. S. Thacker, Q.C. Giving the court's decision, which took twenty minutes to re the Chief Justice, stated : "The phrase denial of justice, certainly an unhappy phra cannot be divorced from its context. One must look to see what is said to constit a denial of justice, and one finds only a reflection upon the Governme

THE WOLF ROCK LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER SWINGS ON A ROPE AS HE CROSSES 40 FT. OF RAGING WATER FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE TO A WAITING MOTOR-BOAT : This graphic view shows lighthouse-keeper C. Newble swinging at the end of a breeches buoy during his relief from the lighthouse, where he had been on service for ninety-three days. His relief was twenty-six days overdue. Repeated attempts to reach the tower by the Trinity House tender *Satellite* had been foiled by raging seas, and a midnight attempt to take the keeper off was abandoned when rain reduced the visibility. The tender stood by all night and the successful attempt, carried out by a motor-boat lowered from the *Satellite*, was made in daylight when the sea was calmer. The record enforced stay on this important but lonely lighthouse situated some eight miles off Land's End, in the south-west corner of Britain, is 103 days. One of the first things keeper Newble did on reaching port was to enjoy a delayed Christmas dinner. The first watch on the Wolf took place in 1879, since when a continuous watch has been maintained day and night. Every day 350 sq. ft. of glass in the optical apparatus have to be cleaned.

RESCUED FROM THE WOLF ROCK LIGHT

NEARING THE END OF HIS PERILOUS SWING FROM THE LIGHT-HOUSE : Keeper Newble swings on a rope as he covers the 40 ft. of water between the Wolf Rock Lighthouse and the waiting motor-boat, rolling in the ocean swell.

KEEPER NEWBLE JOINS HIS RESCUERS : The relief is accomplished. At this time of the year, owing to heavy seas, it is a frequent occurrence for the relief keeper to be delayed.

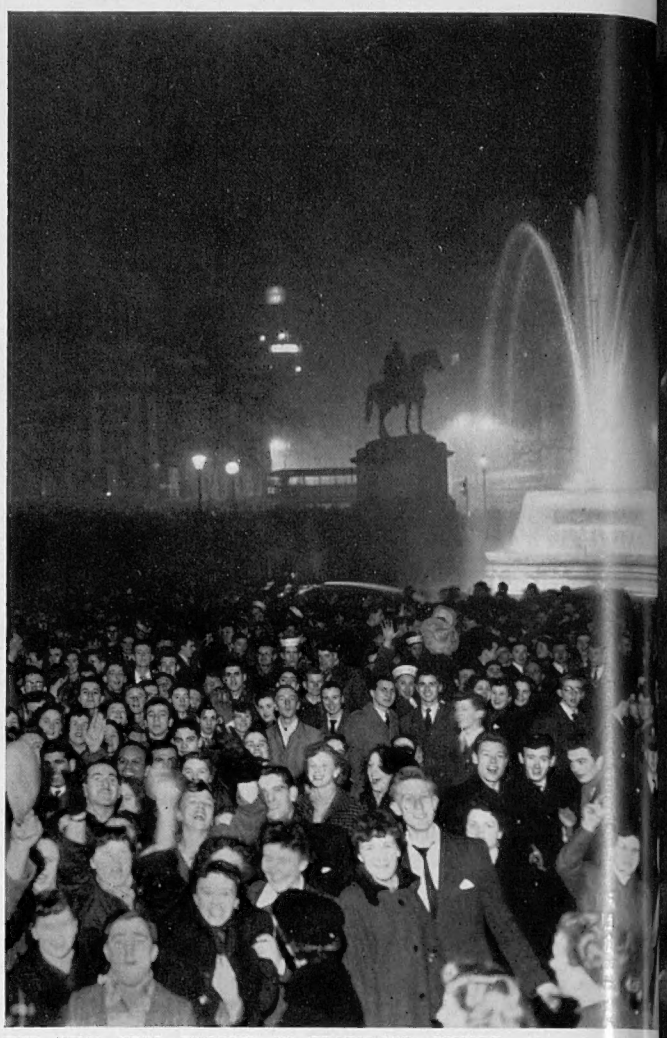
TWO TARGETS FOR UNITED NATION'S BOMBERS IN KOREA

THIS COMMUNIST MARSHALLING YARD AND ROUNDHOUSE AT MUSAN, NORTH KOREA, WAS THE TARGET FOR A RECENT ATTACK CARRIED OUT BY BOMBERS FROM THE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER "BON HOMME RICHARD" : This picture was taken by the reconnaissance pilots from the carrier before the attack by a flight of Skyraiders when the railway yard was almost demolished. Pictures taken after the raid reveal several direct hits and show, in addition to large craters, much damage to the roundhouse. The number of planes taking part in the raid has not been disclosed. *On right*—This was the scene at Sinp'o, midway up the east coast of North Korea, after another raid by Air Group Seven from the same aircraft-carrier. During the raid the three bridges were rendered almost useless. At the beginning of the New Year B-29 Superfortresses from Okinawa struck their first blow of 1953 at an enemy barracks area and an ore processing plant at Moktong, near Songchon, twenty-five miles north-east of the Communist capital of Pyongyang. The target area included forty-five buildings used to house the plant's labour force and administrative centre. It was announced on January 1 that since the beginning of the Korean war the U.S. Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps had lost more than 2,000 planes.

LONDON WELCOMES THE CORONATION YEAR

BOISTEROUS CROWDS IN THE WEST END, AND A GAY THRONG AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL

THE CROWD IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS AT MIDNIGHT AS THE NEW YEAR WAS WELCOMED IN TRADITIONAL FASHION: Standing beneath the scaffolding and the barricades round the plinth of Eros (lately removed), they cheered the arrival of Coronation year. Red, white and blue balloons floated over the crowd as midnight struck, and there was cheering and singing for many minutes. United States airmen were prominent in the Piccadilly crowd.



THE NEW YEAR THRONG IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: A welcoming c... in front of one of the fountains. The Norwegian Christ... as-tree... the carol singers were two of the attractions at this point. ... the City the area round St. Paul's Cathedral also ...claimed ... new year crowds, with people singing and dancing in the str...

AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL, WHERE THE NEW YEAR WAS USHERED IN WITH TRADITIONAL REVELRY: *Left*—The Medieval archway occupied the centre of the dance f... and the tableau pieces designed by the London Art Schools were grouped round it. At midnight the archway tower came to life. The centre pinnacle 45 ft. ab... the crowd went into action rather like the Guinness clock at Battersea Pleasure Gardens. Then followed the performance of the Dagenham Girl Pipers, and a... them came several decorated cars. *On the right* is the tramcar presented by the Hammersmith students dressed in caricature Edwardian clothes. As the tram... circulated round the gigantic dance floor it was set upon and demolished by the gaily dressed dancers in accordance with the Ball's well-established custo...

AFTER MIDNIGHT STRUCK AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL : Balloons cascading to the ground from the roof of the Albert Hall while the dancers, grouped round the Medieval archway, waited to catch them. In the background can be seen part of the elaborate backcloth which draped the stage behind the bands. This depicted in brilliant colours the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown. The design was the work of Mr. A. R. Thomson, R.A., who is deaf and dumb. His original was translated to a canvas 65 ft. high and 144 ft. wide, the work being done by groups of artists, who used 8 cwt. of paint in their task. Altogether some five thousand revellers cheered the advent of Coronation year, the theme of the ball being described as "happy and glorious."

On right—

THE EDWARDIAN MOTOR-CAR IS DEMOLISHED AFTER COMPLETING ITS TOUR OF THE ALBERT HALL : Students setting upon the car, which arrived on the floor with a sportsman at the wheel and a suffragette by his side to the accompaniment of post horns. As the car neared the exit it was torn to pieces, despite the good-humoured attempts of stewards to keep it intact for a longer while.

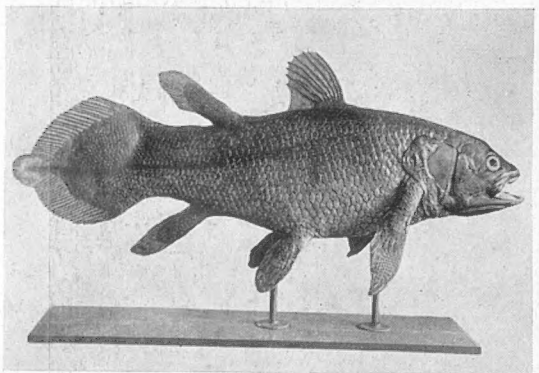
PRESERVING THE COELACANTH

Professor J. L. B. Smith with One of Science's Most Exciting "Catches"

PROFESSOR J. L. B. SMITH SLEEPS ON THE JOB : The Rhodes University Professor is seen guarding the case containing the coelacanth, the "prehistoric" fish which was caught near Madagascar.

THE CASE CONTAINING THE COELACANTH ARRIVING AT AN AIRFIELD NEAR CAPE TOWN : The Prime Minister of South Africa ordered an Air Force Dakota to Madagascar to pick up the fish.

EXAMINING THE GILLS OF THE COELACANTH : Professor J. L. B. Smith, of Rhodes University, standing with his wife, is seen showing details of the fish to Dr. Malan (left), the Prime Minister of South Africa. The Professor has named the coelacanth *Malania anjouanar*, in recognition of Dr. Malan's prompt action in helping to save it for examination. This is the second coelacanth to be caught in the same region : the first, which came to light in 1938 and caused so great a sensation in scientific circles, was decomposed by the time it reached the dissecting table.



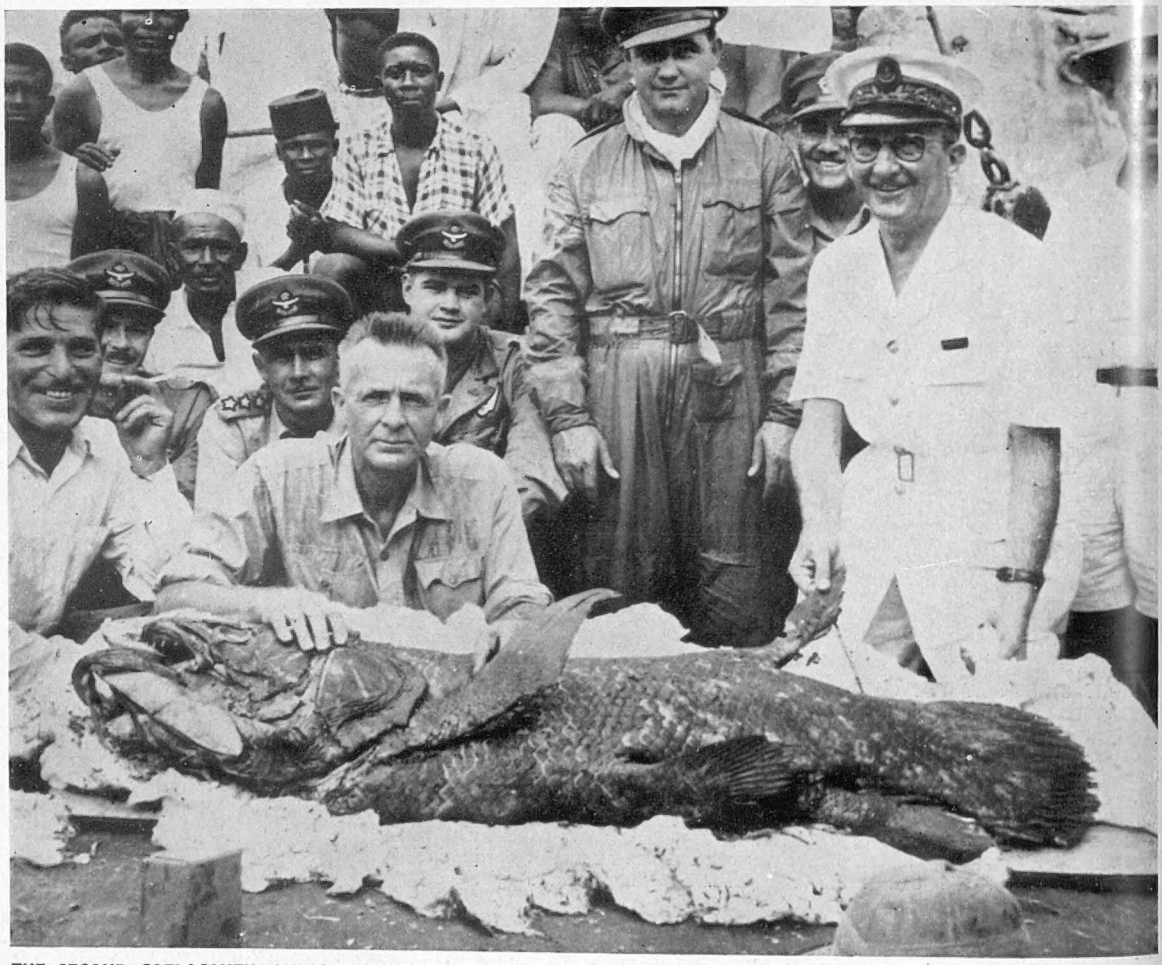
A MODEL MADE FROM A CAST OF THE FIRST COELACANTH, WHICH WAS CAUGHT IN 1938 : It is now thought probable that many other coelacanths exist in the area around Madagascar, probably in waters which are of moderate depth but with strong currents and wind-lashed seas.

If a pterodactyl or one of the giant dinosaurs were to be discovered lurking in the thick forest of some remote region of the Amazon or of Central Africa it could hardly cause more excitement than the discovery at Christmas-time that a native fisherman had landed a second coelacanth off the Comoro Islands. To the fisherman his catch seemed no more than odd—a large fish, about 5 ft. long, with its fins set at the ends of what appear as short limbs.

But for Professor J. L. B. Smith, of Rhodes University, the catch confirmed his belief that the coelacanth he examined in 1938 was not a hoary survivor from a prehistoric age and that others are almost certainly living in the same area.

The coelacanth was believed to have become extinct some 50,000,000 years ago. Fossil specimens have been closely examined, but these show only the external shape and structure of the animal. The almost complete carcase of the coelacanth now in Professor Smith's possession will reveal the nature of the viscera and muscular structure, and there will be much of biochemical interest to be learned, particularly of the component amino-acids. The work will involve a whole team of specialists and their findings will not be known for about a year.

Meanwhile Professor Smith has appealed for equipment to secure and preserve more coelacanths. A writer in this country has suggested that one or two might be kept alive in captivity and their habits studied



THE SECOND COELACANTH, WHICH WAS BROUGHT TO SOUTH AFRICA FROM THE COMORO ISLANDS, ON BOARD CAPTAIN E. E. HUNT'S SCHOONER, WHERE IT WAS KEPT PENDING THE ARRIVAL OF PROFESSOR SMITH : The Professor is seen with his hands on the fish. On his right is Captain Hunt, and on his left, holding one of the fins, is Pierre Coudert, Governor of the Comoro Islands, who assisted in preserving the fish. It is reported that, unlike the first coelacanth, which was caught nearly fifteen years ago, the present specimen has no dorsal fin.

THE SCIENTISTS AND ENGINEERS GO TO THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS IN SEARCH OF VITAL INFORMATION : On this site on the summit of Mount Washington, a windswept peak rising to 6,288 ft. in New Hampshire, civilian technicians are making tests for the American armed forces, seeking a solution to icing conditions which hamper the operations both of helicopters and of jet aircraft. In the background on the left a helicopter can be seen mounted on a platform in the open air, and beside it is the jet-engine test shed. Other jet engines to be used in later tests are in sealed tanks in the centre of the picture. Equipment is brought to the summit of Mount Washington by means of the mountain cog railway.

A MOUNTAIN-TOP LABORATORY

TESTING HELICOPTERS AMID THE ICE AND SNOW ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

WORK AND PLAY ON THE HEIGHTS OF MOUNT WASHINGTON : *Left*—Civilian technicians installing what is known as warm-up equipment on a 7-man Piasecki helicopter which is undergoing cold-weather tests at this New Hampshire research station. The research team is seeking an effective means of combating icing conditions on helicopter rotors. The helicopter is secured by cables to a trailer and the rotor blades are made fast near their extremities. *Right*—A member of the research station staff, with Mukluk and Nome, the two pets of the weather station. In the background is the terminal of the cog railway. The roof is held down by chains.

NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

A Pictorial Survey of the Foreign News

A DASH ACROSS THE FRANCO-ITALIAN FRONTIER : The Italian contingent dashing forward with their placards held aloft to meet the French, Belgian and Dutch contingents at Ventimiglia during a European Federalist Rally which attracted much attention by reason of the presence of M. Spaak, President of the European Constituent Assembly. The rally started with the symbolic burning of a frontier barrier and some passports, and after that M. Spaak and Signor Taviani, Italian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, spoke on the theme of political unity in Europe. Ventimiglia, or Vintimille as it is known by the French, is the customs post between Menton and Bordighera.

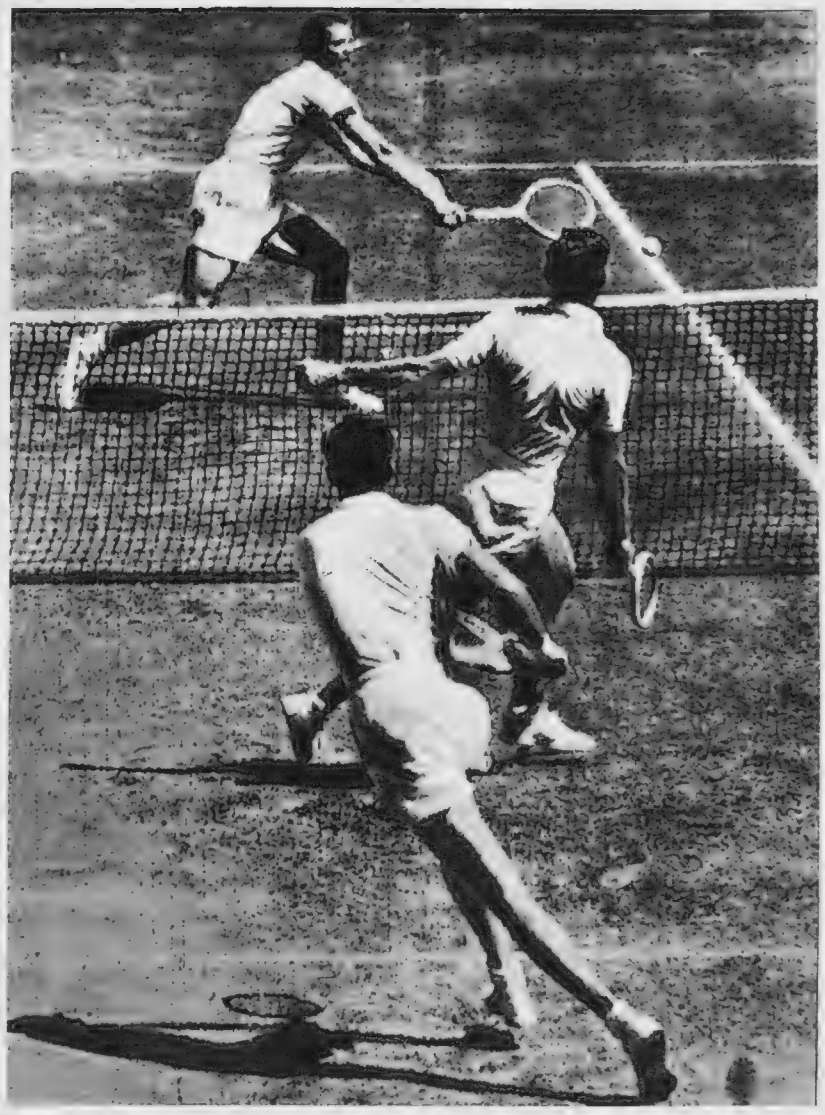
MR. DE VALERA SETS OUT FOR HOME AFTER NINETE WEEKS IN A DUTCH EYE CLINIC : The Premier Eire shaking hands with Mrs. Josephine McKe Ambassador of the Irish Republic at The Hag as he left Amsterdam with his son, Dr. Eamonn Valera. The Taoiseach had undergone six operations an eye clinic at Utrecht, where he was attended by Profes H. J. M. Weve. The operations have succeeded in attaching the retina of his left eye, which became loose August. Threatened blindness has been prevented, but will be some weeks before Mr. de Valera resumes his duti On arrival in Dublin there was a great welcome for M de Valera, the Irish President, Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, a Mrs. O'Kelly and members of the Cabinet all being pres at the airport, together with the majority of Dail Deputi

THE PASSING OF QUEEN ALEXANDRINE, THE DAN QUEEN MOTHER : King Frederik of Denmark Queen Ingrid leaving St. Luke's Hospital, Cop hagen, after the death of the King's mother, Consort of the late King Christian X. On lef Nurses standing vigil beside the coffin in the Cha of St. Luke's Hospital before the body was taken the church of Christianborg Castle prior to the fu rites and burial in Roskilde Cathedral. Queen Alex drine, who will always be remembered by the Danish peo for her home-loving qualities, was born at Schwerin December 24, 1879, the Duchess Alexandrine Augusti elder daughter of the Grand Duke Friedrich Franz III Mecklenburg-Schwerin by his marriage to the Gra Duchess Anastasia of Russia. The Duchess Alexand was married at Cannes on April 26, 1898, to the Cro Prince Christian, eldest son of King Frederik VIII Denmark. The Crown Prince succeeded his father in 19 as King Christian X. Her Majesty leaves two sons, K Frederik, who was born in 1899, and married in 19 Princess Ingrid of Sweden, and Prince Knud, who marr in 1933 his cousin, Princess Caroline Matilda. It w made known last week that King Frederik would cond the orchestra of the Royal Theatre in the Great Hall Amalienborg in a farewell tribute to Queen Alexandr

SOUTH AFRICA'S TEST VICTORY AT MELBOURNE—THE FIRST TIME THEY HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER THE AUSTRALIANS AT CRICKET FOR FORTY-TWO YEARS: Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, shaking hands with Jack Cheetham, the South African captain, after the success of his team in the Second Test Match. A. L. Hassett, the Australian captain, stands smilingly on the left. This success of the young and inexperienced South African team has given a vitally needed stimulus to the present series of tests, and points the way possibly to English victories over the Australians in 1953. Australia were set to get 373 runs in the second innings, and although their tail-enders put up a desperate fight, they were eventually dismissed for 290. The foundation of the South African victory was clearly laid by team spirit and fine fielding, allied to Tayfield's bowling.

On left—

A HERO OF THE MATCH: H. Tayfield, whose bowling played such a part in South Africa's victory over the Australians at Melbourne. Tayfield took thirteen wickets in all.



AUSTRALIA RETAINS THE DAVIS CUP IN THE CHALLENGE ROUND AGAINST THE UNITED STATES AT ADELAIDE: Tony Trabert, of the United States (background), attempting to intercept a volley by Sedgman (centre) during the doubles match which clinched the Australian victory. The Australians Sedgman and McGregor beat Seixas and Trabert by 6—3, 6—4, 1—6, 6—3, after the two Australians had won their singles matches. On the following day Sedgman beat Trabert, but McGregor lost to Seixas. In the doubles McGregor was at the top of his form, scoring many outright winners, the majority with volleys. Sedgman and McGregor, real athletes of the lawn tennis world, have a most impressive doubles record. In the years 1951 and 1952 they won two Davis Cup challenge rounds, the championship of Australia twice, the U.S. championship once, the French championship twice and the Wimbledon championship twice.

THE POPE ATTENDS A CONCERT IN ROME: Pope Pius seated on a throne near the stage in the Palazzo Pio in Rome as the eighty-year-old composer Lorenzo Perosi conducted a musical oratorio, "Birth of the Redeemer," given by the St. Cecilia Orchestra and Choir. During the performance a Swiss Guard of Honour stood above the Pope in the first balcony. Noble Guards of the Vatican stood on left and right of the throne. The Pope's presence at the concert was a tribute to the work of Perosi, who for many years has conducted the Sistine Choir.

On left—

CARDINAL SPELLMAN, OF NEW YORK, VISITS THE FRONT LINE IN KOREA TO DELIVER HIS CHRISTMAS MESSAGE: The Cardinal with General James Van Fleet (extreme right), the U.S. Eighth Army Commander, and French, American and Korean troops after they had taken part in a Christmas service just behind the front line. During his visit to the front the Cardinal met and spoke to more than 14,000 soldiers, including Major John Eisenhower, son of the President-elect. The Cardinal's tour took him within sight of Heartbreak Ridge on the eastern front, where during Christmas 1951 he had celebrated Mass to the sound of guns.

A QUEEN AT THE CORONATION—HER MAJESTY SALOTE TUPOU, G.B.E., OF THE TONGAS, WHO, IT IS REPORTED, WILL COME TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II: Queen Salote is seen in European dress during a visit to Australia recently. The report that she may attend the Coronation has puzzled many people, for the Duke of Windsor said that he would not attend because of the rule that no reigning monarch, past or present, ever attended the coronation of another sovereign. Queen Salote's presence would hardly violate established customs, however, for Tonga is a British Protectorate, and although Salote has the official title of Queen, she is not a monarch of a sovereign State. She is the only person in the British Commonwealth outside Britain's Royal Family who may be properly addressed as Your Majesty. Queen Salote Tupou succeeded to the throne on the death of her father, King George II, on April 12, 1918.

THE ANTI-LOCUST BATTLE

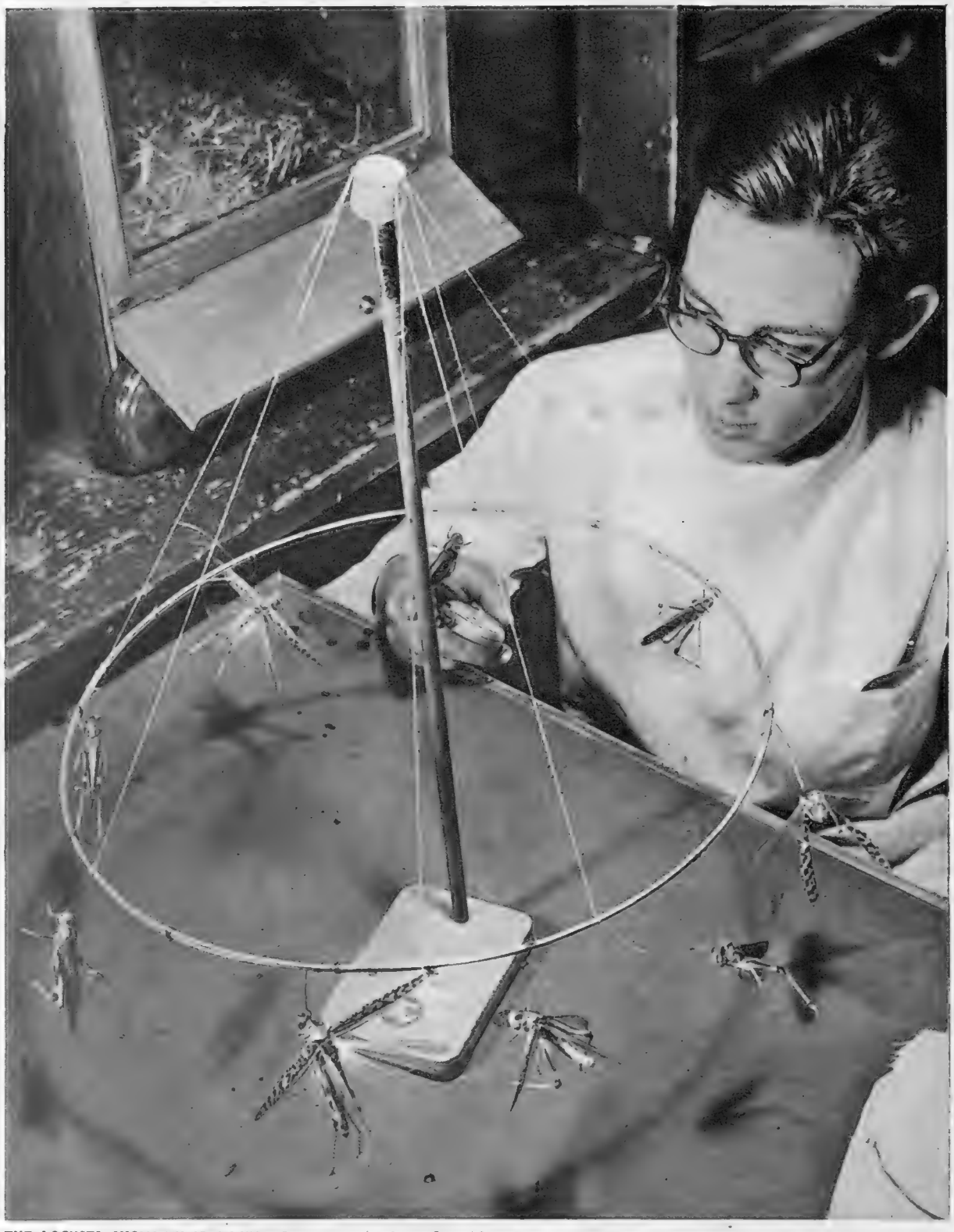
Vital Experiments to Combat the Plagues which Develop Each Year in the Middle East

For over 2,000 years—until thirty years ago—m fought locusts in a haphazard way, the wh knowing very little about this enemy of our fo supplies beyond the fact that wide regions of t world were subject to periodic invasions, invasio so terrible that the locusts fell on standing crops li a mighty flail and stripped them bare. There co be great fields of maize ready for the harvesters, t green leaves waving gaily in the sun, the cobs hea in the husks, and a few hours later there would nothing but a waste of bare and broken stalks, the long labour of ploughing, cultivating and weedi wasted, the food supply for the lean season vanish

All these dread circumstances, however, taug man no remedy and no defence.

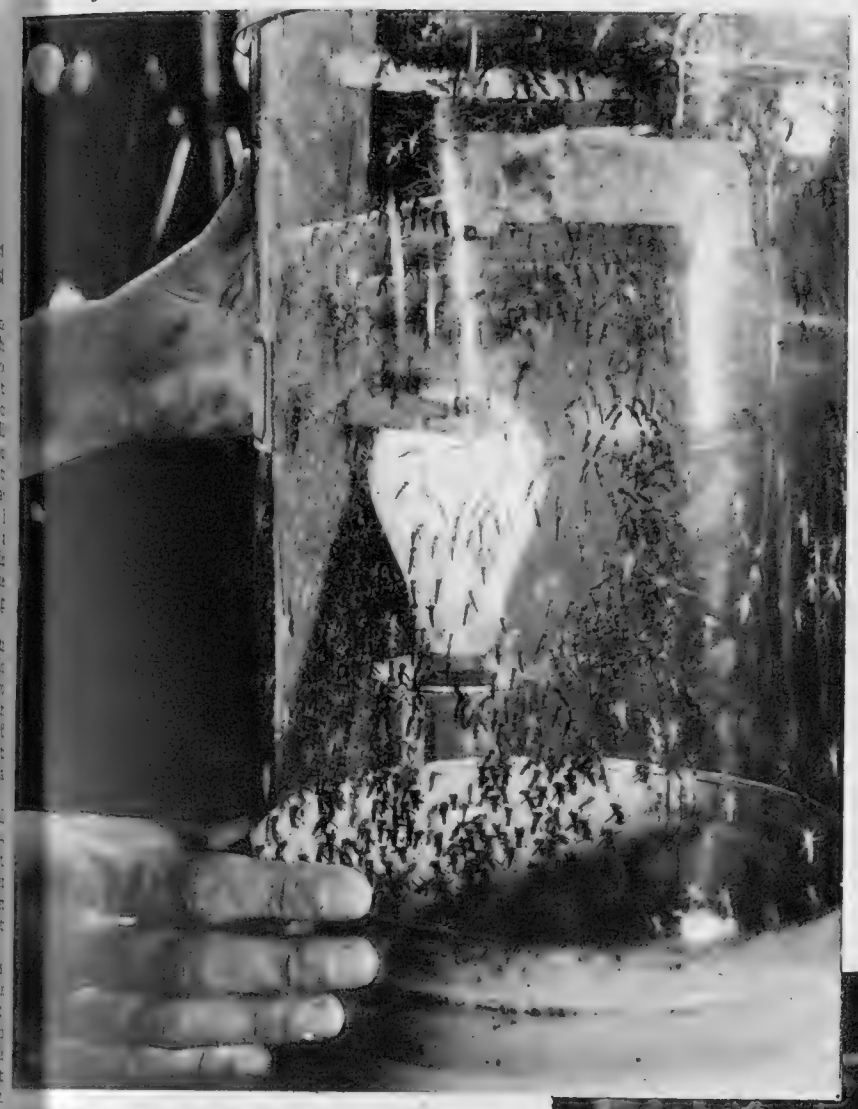
In the 1920's it came to be realised that t international menace required international acti and as a result of the discoveries of Dr. B. P. Uvar later to become Director of the Anti-Locust Resear Centre in London, and of Professor J. C. Faure, t way was clearly paved for such action. What t two scientists established was that the locust lea a double life. Sometimes living and moving swarms, sometimes living in a solitary state, li an ordinary grasshopper. In the solitary phase— the grasshopper stage has come to be known—t insect not only behaves differently but looks differe Then without warning it will change into the swar ing or gregarious phase and set out to devastate t crops of man.

That the transition from solitary to gregarious due to population density is a remarkable fact whi has been clearly shown in the laboratory, and it indeed a two-way system. If a part-grown "so tary" hopper be placed in a breeding-cage in whi is a crowd of the "gregarious" phase, it will by t time it is full grown be indistinguishable from t rest; and if a young "gregarious" hopper, alm black in colour, be isolated and reared in solit state, it grows up as a typical solitary member its species, green or light brown as the case may b It is on the recognition of the inter-relation of the two conditions and their positive identification phases of the same species, that modern methods preventive locust control have come to be bas For if the solitary phase can be identified in i breeding-ground, and there watched and so control that swarms are not allowed to develop, the core the problem has been reached. It is now know that the various species do develop in certain defini areas (by no means all of which have been locate and that all swarms originate therefrom. What t conditions are that cause a sufficient rise in popul tion to produce the swarming phase is not exactly known, but gradually the outbreak are as they are called, for the most important spec are being discovered, and once located they can watched with a comparatively small permanent sta



THE LOCUSTS SHOW THEIR PACES: Locusts are made to fly at the Anti-Locust Research Centre at the National History Museum in London by being suspended from a wire frame hung from a central pivot. Thus poised in the air they beat their wings, and so turn the roundabout. In this way estimates of speed and duration of flight can be made by the scientists who are engaged in the exacting job of finding out more about the locust. This research has proved a powerful factor in combating the locust menace, but the battle is by no means won in the breeding-grounds of the Middle East.

IN THE ANTI-LOCUST RESEARCH CENTRE IN LONDON: *Left*—A locust being numbered for identification purposes before an experiment. *Right*—A close-up of locusts, the scourge of the Mid East. The insects have a 5-in. wing-span and each weighs about one-tenth of an ounce. A swarm may weigh a total of 20,000 tons. Locusts are internationalists, moving freely over fronti and it is only since the attack on their Middle Eastern breeding-grounds has been organised on an international scale that any real success has attended those engaged in the task of exterminat



MORE THAN 1,000 BABY LOCUSTS—A TYPICAL DAY'S HATCH AT THE ANTI-LOCUST RESEARCH CENTRE IN LONDON : The Centre is concerned with three main types of locust. The breeding-place of one is a relatively small spot on the Niger Plain, in French Sudan. Another breeds in a larger (but known) area of British East Africa, but the third, the Desert Locust spoken of in the Bible and by far the most menacing to mankind, does not breed in one clearly-defined place. Probably it comes in greatest numbers from near the shores of the Red Sea or Southern Arabia, from the littoral plain of Eritrea, the Somalilands, Iran and Baluchistan.

LOCUST EGGS ARE ABOUT THE SIZE OF A WHEAT SEED : They are laid in batches of 40 to 100 at a time in moist sand in a pencil-shaped burrow. A glue-like substance holds them and the sand together. One female lays an average of over 300 eggs.

From this remarkable discovery of the theory of transition the many men and women who instituted research into the locust pest were able to go forward, the moving spirit behind this work being at first a committee in London supported by a small grant from the British Government. From this committee evolved the Anti-Locust Research Centre, which, working in London and also across the frontiers of the Middle East, has sought answers to the basic question : Where do locust swarms start ? (The pictures on these pages were all taken recently at the Centre, which is accommodated in one of the towers of the Natural History Museum.) As the years rolled on, and information was steadily co-ordinated at the Centre, plans were laid for an anti-locust campaign throughout the whole infested region of the Middle East. The Arabian peninsula was picked out as a main swarming area of particular menace, and it was decided that this should be the key area of the first campaign. This campaign began in 1942, and six years later Dr. Uvarov was able to report at a meeting in Nairobi that for the time being the locust menace had been eliminated in Arabia, Egypt, the Sudan, East Africa. This initial battle cost £5,000,000.

The battle was fought on military lines, using the technique of modern desert warfare. The Locust Mission to Arabia, composed of 18 officers and 1,000 men, the latter all Arabs and Sudanese. The locust battlefield extended over 900,000 square miles of sparsely inhabited desert. This vast area had to be watched continuously, and ruthless extermination of all nests carried out.

Similarly, from May 1943 to June 1947 thirteen successive anti-locust campaigns were run in East Africa. Locust hoppers were attacked wherever they could be found, and a first-rate local information service was established.

These campaigns against the desert locust ensured that from 1942 to 1947 there were no wholesale losses anywhere in the Middle East, but in the summer of 1952 the situation seemed to have deteriorated, and Dr. Uvarov, in a report from Nairobi, stressed the vital importance of the 1952 anti-locust campaign in East Africa. Again, in 1953, the battle will be renewed.

On right—

ADULT LOCUSTS IN ONE OF THE LARGER CASES AT THE ANTI-LOCUST CENTRE : For the locust the electric-light bulb replaces the sun, providing warmth and light. The locusts' diet is fresh grass and wheat bran.

On the EDGE of the IRON CURTAIN

A VISIT TO THE OLD ESKIMO COMMUNITY OF WALES, THE ALASKAN TOWN WHICH IS SEVENTY-FOUR MILES EAST OF RUSSIAN TERRITORY, ACROSS THE BERING STRAIT

Away in the extreme north-west of the American continent, not far from the vast territories of the Soviet Union, is the small Alaskan town of Wales, an Eskimo community with a population of eighty-six. Seventy-four miles west of Wales, across the Bering Strait, is Siberia, while between the two countries, just 2½ miles apart, are the Diomede Islands, one owned by the United States and the other by Russia. Wales is America's nearest town to the Russian continent, but there is little awareness on the part of the natives of their village's strategic position. If they think of Russia as a potential "enemy" at all, the Eskimos are thinking in terms of times past when the Wales tribe, more aggressive than most Eskimos, used to conduct raiding parties, bringing back supplies from across the strait.

THE MAIL IS DELIVERED TO THE STRATEGICALLY POSITIONED TOWN OF WALES, ALASKA: Although the plane is scheduled to call every Tuesday and Friday, the residents are fortunate if the mail arrives once a week.

There is no military installation at Wales, but the Commander-in-Chief of Alaska, Lieut.-General William E. Kopner, has said that "the Russians could sit down at Wales for the psychological effect of occupying American soil, but they won't have Alaska unless they have the heartland." These remarks have been endorsed by the school-teacher, John Vining, and the weatherman, Maurice S. Powell. "My wife and I," said Mr. Vining, "were concerned at first when we discovered we would be assigned to Wales and realised its proximity to Russia, but that was in the fall of 1951. By the time we were landed and realised how much there was for us to do in the community, we began to forget all about that proximity and concentrate on the work at hand. Now we seldom think of it." Maurice Powell has another reaction. He has lived with his Eskimo wife in Wales for a year-and-a-half and has come to believe that the Russians wouldn't have Wales as a gift. "They walked out once, in 1897," Powell says, "and there are no roads or railroads for the transportation of supplies."

Wales is an old Eskimo community. A mission and school were established there in 1898 by the Presbyterian Church (more recently the school has been taken over by the Alaska Native Service), a post office has been established, and a bush pilot has included the town on his regular mail run. The natives, who are ambitious, work at labourers' jobs at Tin City, over the mountain range, during the summer months, go to Nome to spend their savings, and then go back to Wales with news of the "outside." The Eskimos use furs to make their lavish parkas, skin seals for their leggings, and order their dresses from mail order catalogues.

The church and the school are the two focal points of community life at Wales. John Vining and his wife, both of whom hail from Caldwell, Idaho, had a twofold reason for accepting the appointment to the school. On the material side, their pay is better than it would be in the United States, while on the spiritual side there are many contributions they can make to the education and comfort of the Eskimos. Lessons are conducted from standard text-books, although the teachers must edit or explain references to flowers and plants, since the Eskimo child has no knowledge of such things. Hygiene and sanitation are constantly stressed, because of the high incidence of tuberculosis cases, and geography lessons are expanded; both children and parents have unceasing curiosity about the world outside. Schoolwork, however, constitutes only a part of the Vinings' duties, for the school-teacher is also responsible for the registration of births and deaths and for the medical care of the Eskimos. When a patient requires further attention Vining gets advice from the doctor at Kotzebue.

The church, equally important in community life, is the charge of Miss Emma Stauffner, medical missionary from Greenburg, Philadelphia. Miss Stauffner went to Wales in 1935 and, except for three years at the Hanes Boarding School in Southern Alaska, has been there ever since.

Living conditions at Wales are still somewhat primitive. There is no plumbing and snow must be melted for use as drinking and washing water. Since the buildings—mostly shacks—provide the only objects to stop the wind-driven snow, the drifts pile high. Usual winter practice is to enter a house through a second-storey window.

WHERE THE WATERS OF THE BERING STRAIT WASH THE SHORES OF AMERICA'S NEAREST TOWN TO THE SOVIET UNION: On a hill overlooking the town the missionary at Wales, Miss Stauffner, makes one of her periodic visits to the grave of her predecessor. Wales has a population of eighty-six, including American officials and technicians. The town has a slow-moving community life, and the arrival of the plane bringing mail and supplies seems to be more important than any discussion concerning the town's close proximity to Russia.

THE WEATHERMAN AT WALES: Maurice S. Powell sends up a balloon from the weather station of which he is in charge. As the station is the closest to Siberia its findings are very important, as it is capable of predicting forthcoming storms in the west.

AN AMERICAN DINNER-PARTY IN ALASKA: The school-teacher at Wales, John Vining, and his wife entertain the weatherman and his Eskimo wife. Mr. and Mrs. Vining were concerned at first about their appointment to Wales and its close proximity to Russia, but since their arrival have had little time to realise it.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS AGAINST A STORM: During long periods severe storms at sea make fishing dangerous and the Eskimos pull their long skin-boats up the beaches to safety.

LIFE GOES ON IN THE PEACEFUL TOWN OF WALES DESPITE ARCTIC CONDITIONS AND THE THOUGHT OF ITS GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION: *Left*—Timber is precious and householders are used to salvaging every bit of it and making continual repairs to their windswept homes. *Right*—Rex Rowray, an oceanographer-scientist, bargains with the storekeeper, Big Alfred, to reduce the price of the boots he is buying.

THE EXECUTIVE MEETS THE LEGISLATURE—THE LUNCHEON AT THE HOTEL COMMODORE IN NEW YORK CITY, AT WHICH GENERAL EISENHOWER MET THE REPUBLICAN LEADERS ON WHOM HE MUST RELY FOR THE ENACTMENT OF HIS POLICIES: Left to right—Senator Leverett Saltonstall, of Massachusetts, the next Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Mr. Herbert Brownell, who will be Attorney-General in the new Cabinet, Senator Styles Bridges, of New Hampshire, the new President pro tempore of the Senate, General Eisenhower, Senator Taft, candidate for Republican floor leader in the Senate, Governor Sherman Adams, of New Hampshire, Senator Milton Young, of North Dakota, a junior member of the Republican Policy Committee, and Tom Stevens, a member of Eisenhower's staff. This was the first time that the President-elect had seen Senator Taft since their brush over the appointment of a Stevenson supporter, Mr. Martin Durkin, to be Secretary of Labour. Senator Taft, whose recommendations for Cabinet posts were all turned down, called the appointment "incredible." His outburst was considered so ill-timed that it was rumoured at one period that Senator Styles Bridges might become Republican floor leader in the Senate, but after his Korea visit General Eisenhower sent out peace feelers. At the luncheon all the main domestic issues were touched upon, including the question of wage and price controls.

AMERICA ON THE EVE OF A NEW ORDER

President-elect Eisenhower Dines with Senator Taft and the Republican Leaders in the Senate; the Incoming Defence Chiefs at the Pentagon

On left—

THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT-ELECT AND THE LAST REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT: General Eisenhower and Herbert Hoover leaving the home of John Foster Dulles in New York after a meeting at which Eisenhower's Secretary of State-designate had been host at a discussion on the reorganisation and streamlining of the executive branch of the Government and other topics. Emerging from Mr. Dulles' home General Eisenhower said: "It was just a social gathering at which we had the opportunity to talk over a number of affairs of Government, past, present and future, to my great benefit, I hope."

THE INCOMING DEFENCE CHIEFS—THE MEN WHO WILL RUN THE DEFENCE DEPARTMENT IN GENERAL EISENHOWER'S ADMINISTRATION: In this picture taken at the Pentagon are seen Defence Secretary-designate Charles Wilson (left foreground) and Roger M. Kyes, his Deputy. Standing behind them are Robert Stevens, Army Secretary-designate, Robert B. Anderson, Navy Secretary-designate, and Harold E. Talbott, Air Force Secretary-designate. Upon the Defence Department falls one of the major tasks of the new regime, that of working out and implementing a new strategic plan for the Korean War.

On left—

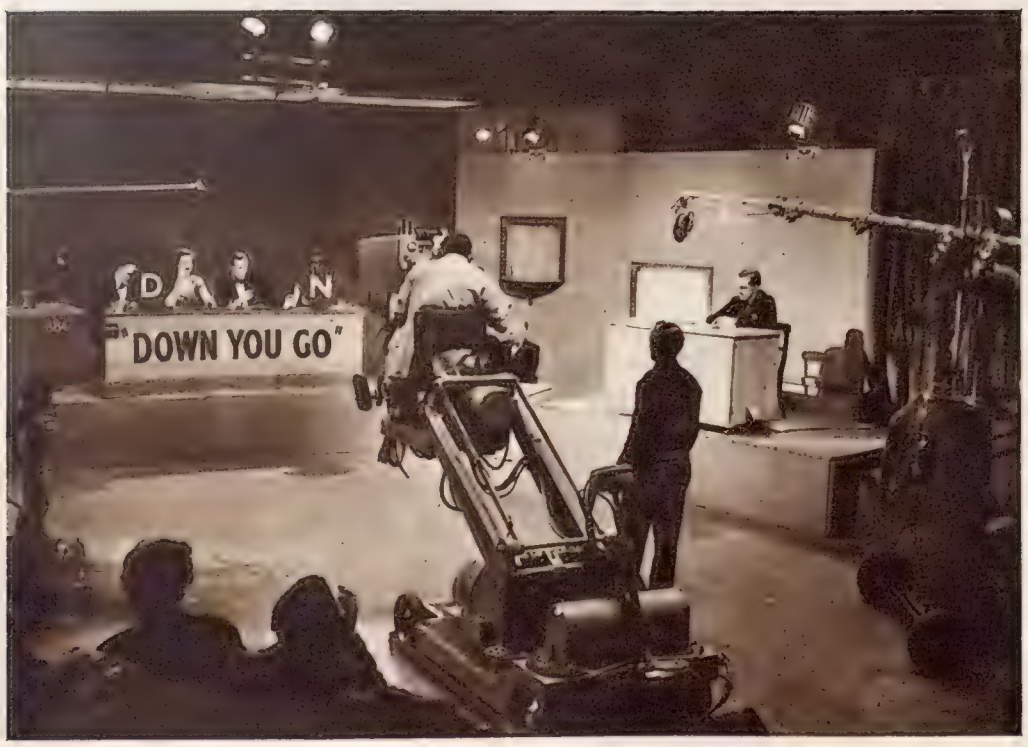
THE GENTLE ART OF SCREENING WATCHED BY THE ARCH-SCREENER: Senator Pat McCarran, author of America's new system of Communist hunting, watching as members of the crew were interrogated on board the Grace liner *Santa Rosa* on arrival in New York. The purser on the left of the table is assisting the immigration officer in questioning the crew under the terms laid down in the controversial McCarran Walter Act before they are allowed ashore. McCarran and his wife had returned to New York in the *Santa Rosa* after a trip to South America. French seamen sailing in and out of New York for as many as twenty-five years were among the first to be screened under the new Act, when they arrived in New York in the liner *Liberté*. Senator McCarran has been under fire, a U.S. Commission of Investigation having reported that the Act is unwise and injurious to the United States.

"DOWN YOU GO"

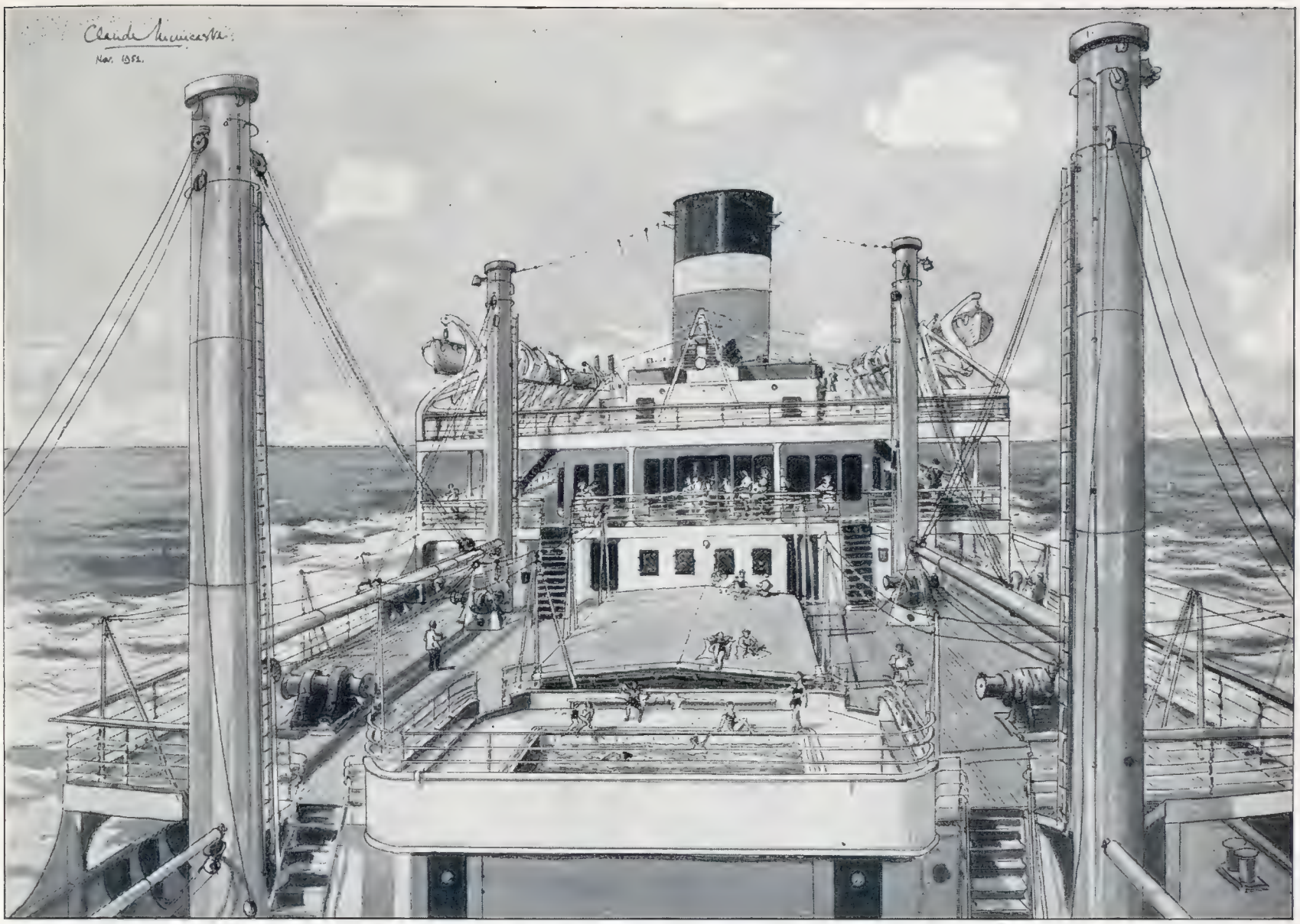
(1) A BUS THAT LEAPT TOWER BRIDGE BASCULES
(2) ECHO-SOUNDING ON THE NORFOLK BROADS
(3) TELEVISION'S NEW CROSSWORD PROGRAMME

LONDON'S FIFTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD TOWER BRIDGE, MOST FAMOUS OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD, WHICH BEGAN TO OPEN AS A CROWDED DOUBLE-DECKER BUS WAS CROSSING THE BRIDGE LAST WEEK: *On left*—The machinery which lifts the bridge's giant bascules to allow sea-going vessels to pass up and down the Thames. *On right*—Looking down on the bridge as the bascules are lowered. Traffic can be seen waiting to cross. Ten people were taken to hospital and three of them detained when the bus, a No. 78, dropped about 3 ft. from one bascule to the other as the bridge began to open. The driver of the vehicle, Mr. Albert Gunter, of Islington, said: "I had to keep going, otherwise we should have been in the water. I suddenly saw the road in front of me appeared to be sinking. In fact, the bus was being lifted by one half of the bridge. The other half was stationary as the bus crashed on to it on four wheels." The bus was found to have a bent chassis and a spring broken and seats had been thrown from their frames. Later the Corporation of London accepted responsibility for the accident, which was attributed to an error of judgment on the part of an employee, and the bus driver received a reward of £10 from London Transport.

A NEW YEAR TASK ON THE NORFOLK BROADS: The motor cruiser *Elsinore* operating at St. Olavs during the new survey that is being made of the Norfolk Broads. The depth of the water is being recorded by echo-sounding and depth-plotting equipment. A new chart is necessary because the depth of water varies over each period of three or four years. *On right*—The recording part of the instrument being compared with the old chart while the *Elsinore* is held on course. The Norfolk Broads stretch from Beccles in the south to Sutton Broad in the north, a network of waterways covering nearly 200 square miles. Broadland is rich with history, but in the last fifty years private enclosures have robbed the yachtsman of much of his rightful heritage. When the Broads become a National Park, a fulfilment to which so many people look forward, it is hoped that these "stolen waters" will be reopened.



A TRANSATLANTIC PARLOUR GAME MAKES ITS BOW ON BRITISH TELEVISION: Humorist Paul Jennings, actress Elizabeth Gray, film writer Michael Pertwee and novelist Marghanita Laski taking part in the new programme "Down You Go," and (*on left*) the panel seen with their question-master Marcus Dick, an Oxford Don with the suavest of television manners. Television's new parlour game is rather like a crossword puzzle. Mr. Dick gives the panel a clue, such as: "On New Year's Day we can credit our debtors with these." The answer—"Good intentions"—is shown to viewers but not to the panel. Each member is called on to name a letter in the answer. If the letter is wrong the player retires behind a fan. Correct letters show on a wall. Then the guessing starts. On the first production the game went too fast for all but expert solvers. The women of the panel showed the quickest thinking.



LOOKING FORWARD ALONG THE SUN-DECK OF THE "CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH," THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE ELLERMAN FLEET, OPERATING BETWEEN THE UNITED KINGDOM, THE CONTINENT AND SOUTH AFRICA, WHICH SAILS TO-DAY (SATURDAY) ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: This is always an attractive view in a ship, but this one on board the *City of Port Elizabeth* is more attractive than most. Being a passenger-cargo liner, the ship does not forget its businesslike character, and still looks like a ship rather than a floating hotel. But, of course, one misses the colour. One can only imagine the blue and white tiles of the swimming-pool; the warm colour of clean decks and freshly-painted samson posts and funnel markings. There are the gay colours of sun-suits and bathing-suits; the touch of scarlet on the hatch coamings and the gleaming white of upperworks. Above all, there is the trade-wind blue of sea and sky with enough lip on the sea to make it live. While astern, like a white-feathered, emerald-tinted arrow, the wake stretches frothing and creaming almost to the horizon. *Below on left and right*—The emblems carried on the bow plate of the *City of Port Elizabeth*.

A NEW FLEET FOR AN HISTORIC TRADE ROUTE

The "City of Port Elizabeth," the First of Four Cargo-Passenger Liners Which Ellermans are Having Built on the Tyne for the South African Trade

By JOHN MAY

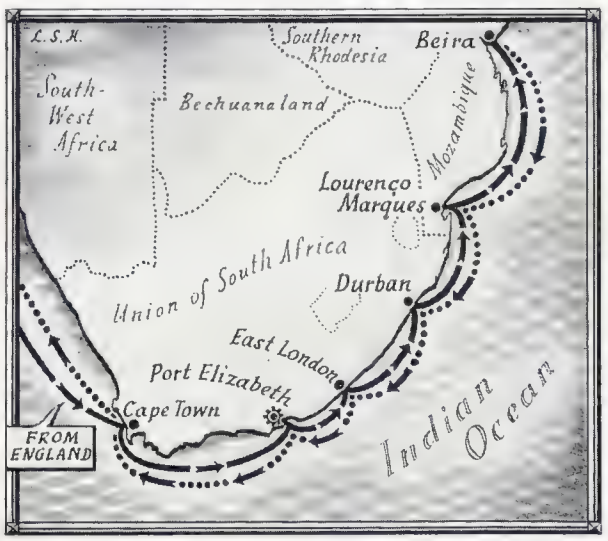
WITH DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER

AS the cargo-passenger liner *City of Port Elizabeth*, a brave new ship of 13,363 tons gross register, carves serenely through the kindly blue waters of the eastern Atlantic in pleasant, warm weather next week, bound on her maiden voyage from London to South Africa, her officers and crew will appear one sunny morning in spotless white uniforms, and the hull will feel for the first time the kiss of tropical seas. Free entirely from Britain's grim restrictions and grey climate, and from the humdrum care of their lately-landlocked life ashore, her passengers will include some who already will have happily forgotten even the day of the week!

Behind them, a dimming memory 2,000 sea miles distant, will be the Customs sheds, the Royal Albert Docks, and setting sail from London River with the new ship flying the orange, white and blue standard of South Africa. She will have called recently at Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands, for fuel; there will be flying fish to watch by day, and at night a wake glowing with phosphorescence. But astern as well in the infinite ocean of time will be five centuries of sea history aglow with the romance of merchant adventuring; for, besides 10,000 tons of cargo, the *City of Port Elizabeth* carries—as an invisible freight—a great heritage.

In the fifteenth century there was among sailors "greate talk about the earth being a globe, and how a shippe might sail to the Westward into the East to the land of Ind," to discover, among other things, new sources of the spices then used to disguise the flavour of ill-keeping meats. So, in a little ship of only 50 tons, Bartholomew Diaz sailed from Portugal down Africa's west coast, to turn eastwards at last and discover Algoa Bay. Here to-day, 500 miles beyond Cape Town, stands Port Elizabeth itself, after which the new ship now bound for South Africa is named. The fact is celebrated in a mural in oils by Ellis Silas in the main embarkation foyer—"Bartholomew Diaz discovers Algoa Bay, A.D. 1486."

How, as one of the largest of the Ellerman Lines' fleet of nearly a hundred vessels, she became a "City" ship is a story that begins when still only white sails flecked distant horizons. To-day, Ellerman ships girdle the Mediterranean and link Britain with Ceylon, India, Pakistan and the Far East. They bridge, too, the Eastern and Western hemispheres from Australia, New Zealand, the Far East, Ceylon, India, Pakistan, and South and East Africa to Canada and the U.S.A. The half-dozen companies that own them, brought together since 1900, include the City Line, the Hall Line, the Ellerman and Bucknall Line, the Mediterranean part of the old Leyland Line known as the Ellerman Line, the Papayanni Line, and the Westcott and Laurance Line.



THE "CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH'S" PORTS OF CALL IN SOUTH AFRICA: This sketch-map shows the liner's route on her outward and homeward journeyings. There will be a civic reception for the liner on reaching Port Elizabeth.

The *City of Port Elizabeth* is Ellerman Lines owned. But the style of her name derives from the purchase by a Glasgow firm of merchants in 1839 of a soft-wood vessel sent across the Atlantic with a cargo of timber, and then to be sold. The merchants sent her to Calcutta, and became so successful in the new Indian tea trade that in 1848 they built the *City of Glasgow*. Thus was launched the system of nomenclature which all Ellerman vessels, other than those on the Mediterranean run, share to-day with the new ship—though the *City of Glasgow* was but a three-masted wooden sailing ship of only 519 tons.

Big changes came rapidly. "Making iron swim" was proved no heresy after all, and steam superseded sail. Steel replaced iron, and the boiler-maker's method of shipbuilding with a rash of rivets was modified by welding. Sixty Ellerman vessels with a carrying capacity of nearly 500,000 tons were sunk between 1939 and 1945, and some forty new ships were delivered after the war. They were "tailor-made" for specific trades, and the dozen passengers each carried found that a trip aboard one was like being in a luxury steam yacht.

Then it was decided to build the *City of Port Elizabeth* for the South African service. Where does a ship begin? The first conception becomes by calculation and consultation a general arrangement

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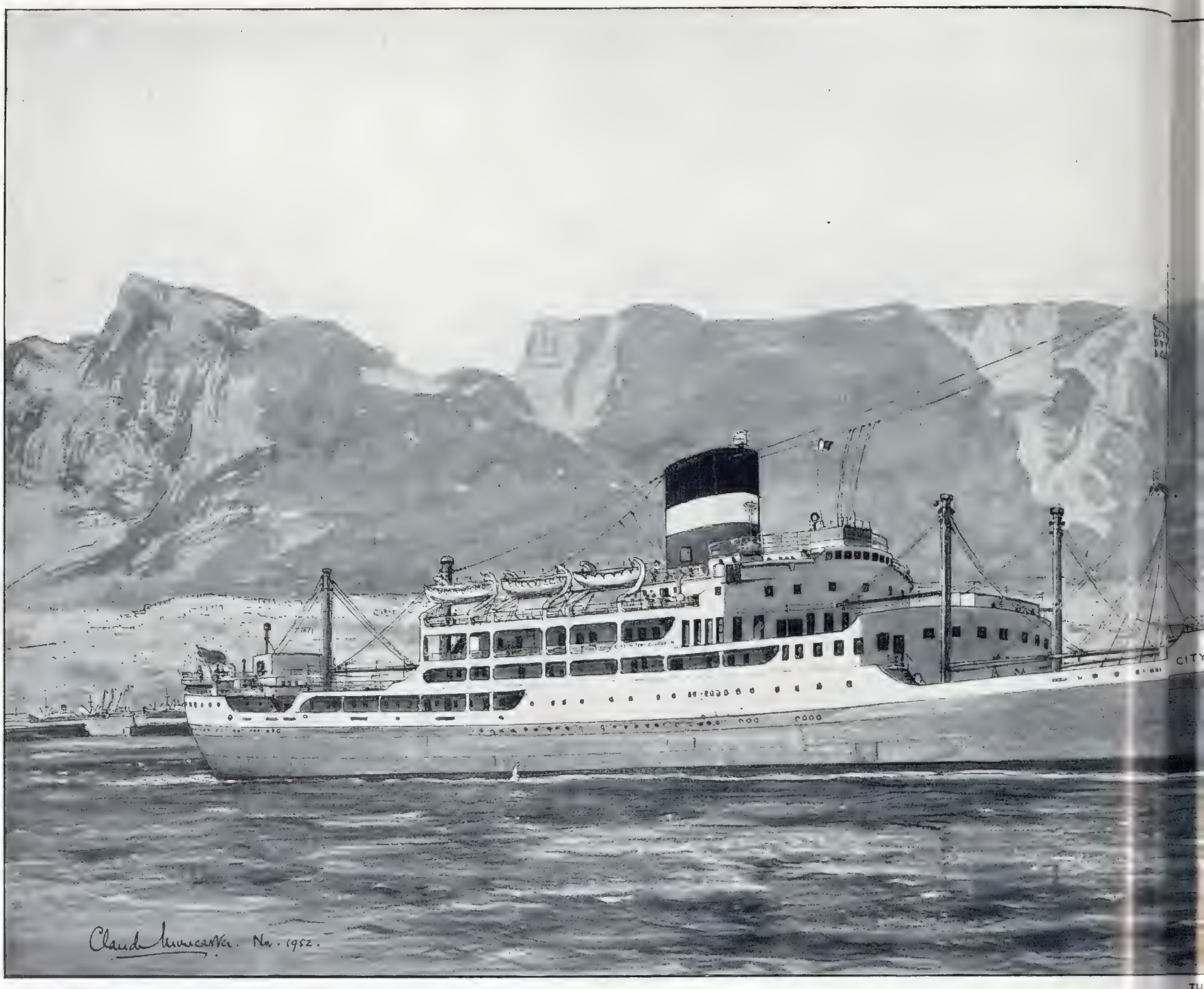


A NEW FLEET FOR AN HISTORIC TRADE ROUT

(*Continued from previous page*)

plan, a specification that is literally a printed book, an owners' replica in wood, and a wax model weighing over a ton for testing in an indoor canal. On the vast "blackboard" floor of a mould loft the drawings are chalked down full size, and then with forge and flame, lathe, and the flash of electric welding, the ship begins to take shape in the litter and orderly confusion of a shipyard.

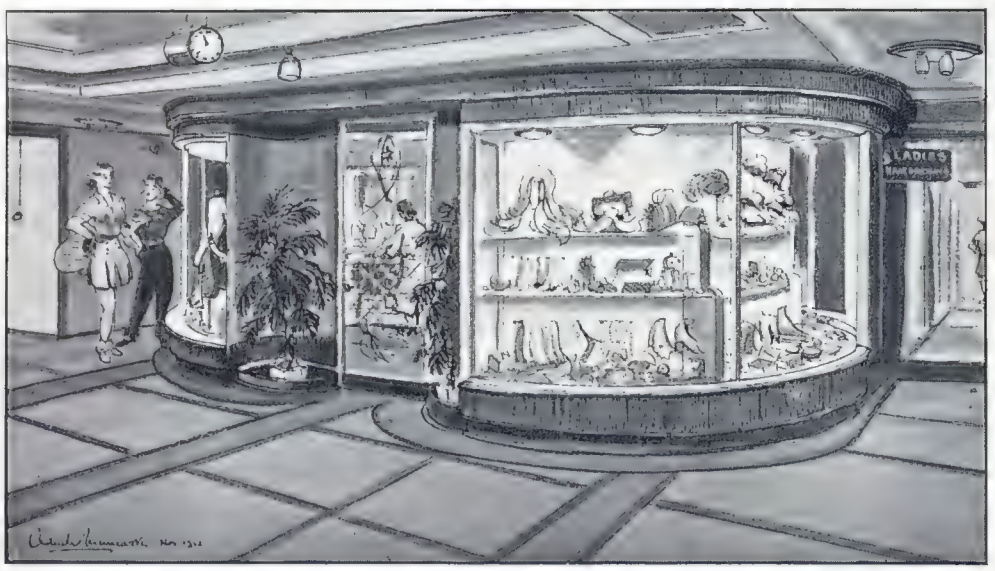
As tall cranes waved engineering spells over her keel and bottom structure, her main frames and bulkheads, on one of the half-dozen huge slipways of the Vickers-Armstrongs Naval Yard at High Walker, Newcastle, the new ship grew. Prefabricated sections as large as the side of a house swung into position. Deck rose on deck. Workmen in caps and foremen in bowlers swarmed over her. Then, with flags and bunting flying and a crowd of visitors, she was christened—"I name this ship the *City of Port Elizabeth*; may God bless her and all who sail in her"—and launched, stern-first, checked by hundreds of tons of chain, into the muddy Tyne.

From the fitting-out basin she moved into dry-dock on November 14, 1952, and was undocked the following Monday. Her master, Commodore Herbert Percival, O.B.E., wrote to the owners: "I was pleased beyond words to see how closely the propellers are tucked in towards the magnificent rudder. With her beautiful entrance and fine runaway aft, and the avoidance of plating butts in the underwater hull, she certainly justifies the belief that she will be a good steering and a handy ship—and a greyhound." She had her trials on December 9, doing the measured mile, timing full circles, and from full ahead to full astern, swinging for compasses and calibrating the direction-finder. Then she left Middlesbrough with a full crew and a number of guest passengers for a proving cruise to London.

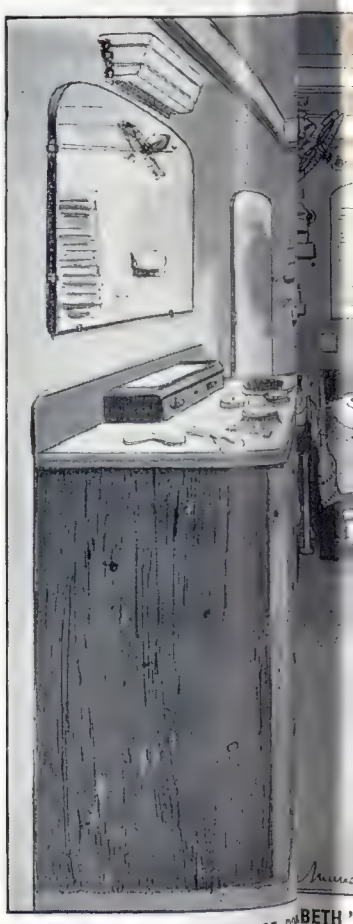
The cargo she picked up at Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg and London included such freight as steel joists for building, electrical gear for a new power station, railway lines and fine goods for shops. It was packed away by her fourteen derricks into her five main cargo holds under the eye of her First Officer, Mr. William Dick. With her full complement of 106 passengers, her captain, first officer, chief engineer, purser, doctor, barman, lady hairdresser, and forty other members of the European crew, and her native crew of 139 Pakistanis (total ship's company of 292), she was due to leave Tilbury on January 10.

When they have unpacked and settled in, had tea and waved good-bye to London, and from the shores of England the ship has steamed away, to shrink hull-down over the horizon and fade from view—how will the new ship impress her

(*Concluded on page 52*)

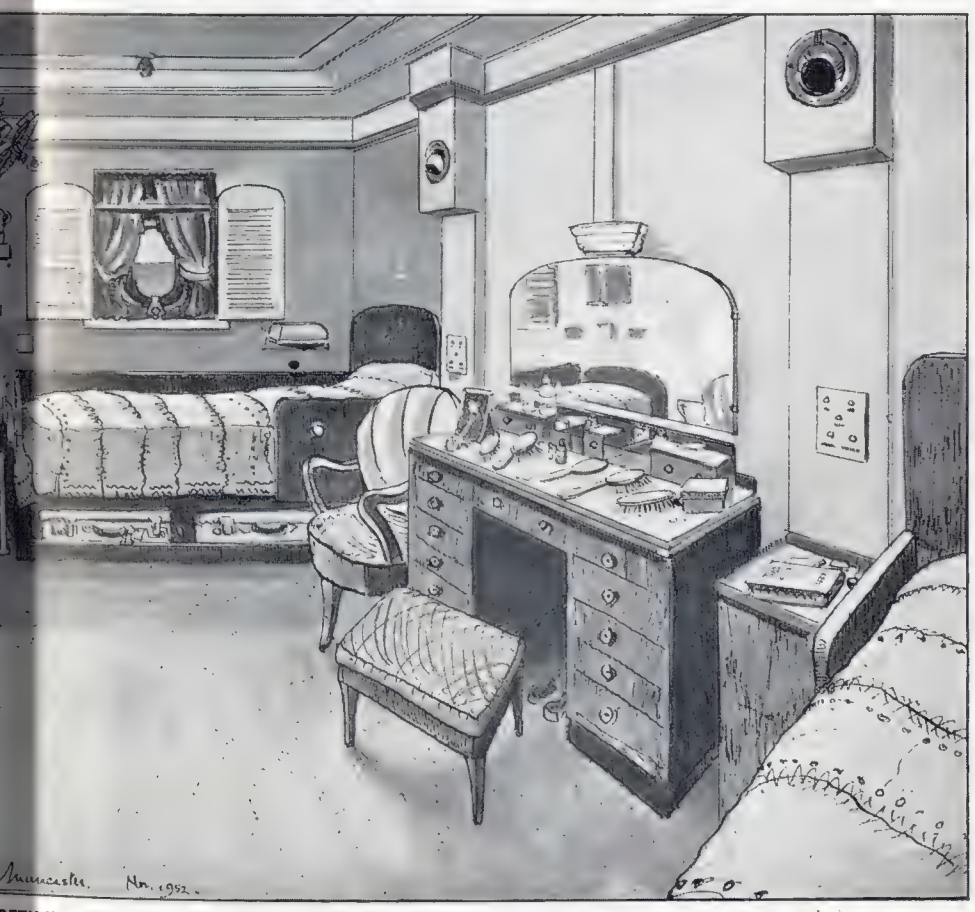


THERE IS SOMETHING REMINISCENT OF BURLINGTON ARCADE ABOUT THIS BOW-FRONTED SHIP'S SHOP, ONE OF THE AMENITIES OF THE "CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH": Behind the shop, tastefully decorated and well fitted-out, are ladies' and gentlemen's hairdressing shops.

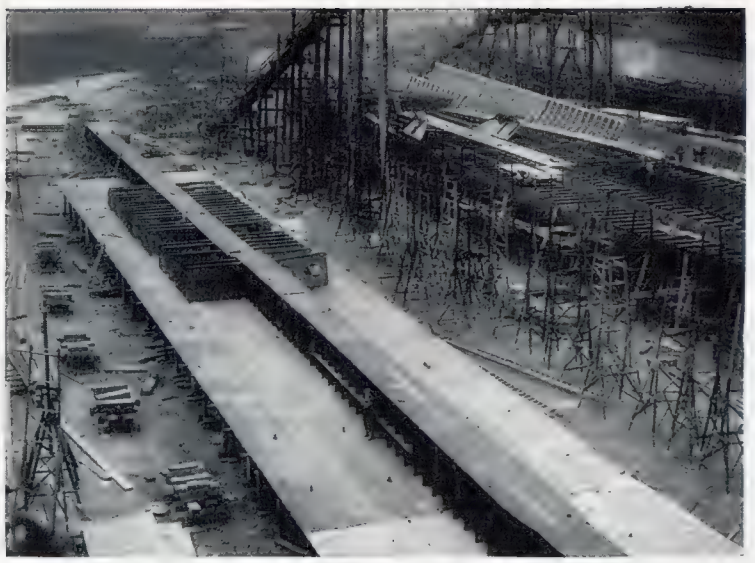


A CABIN IN THE "CITY OF PO BETH" obvious how lavish it is e both it is seldom that the men especi

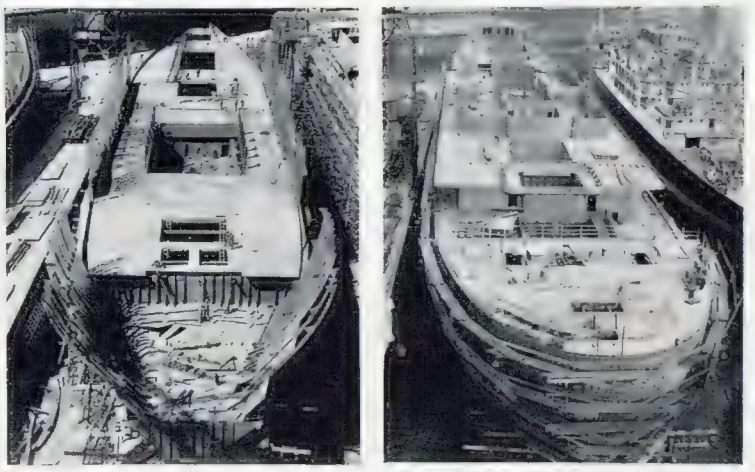
THE "CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH" AT THE TAVERN OF THE SEAS: In this drawing Claude Muncaster shows the new Ellerman liner on arrival at Cape Town, where she will make her appearance in about a fortnight from now. Even for a sailor on a regular run to South Africa the approaches to Cape Town must always bring a thrill, for it is a most spectacular port. This drawing emphasizes the very lovely lines of the *City of Port Elizabeth*. Her sister-ship the *City of Exeter* will make her maiden voyage in June.



BETH": This cabin, not one of the most expensive, is typical of the amenities offered, and it is e both for a woman's and a man's wardrobe. A mirror is placed over the chest of drawers; especially provided for. There are trinket drawers on both dressing table and chest of drawers.



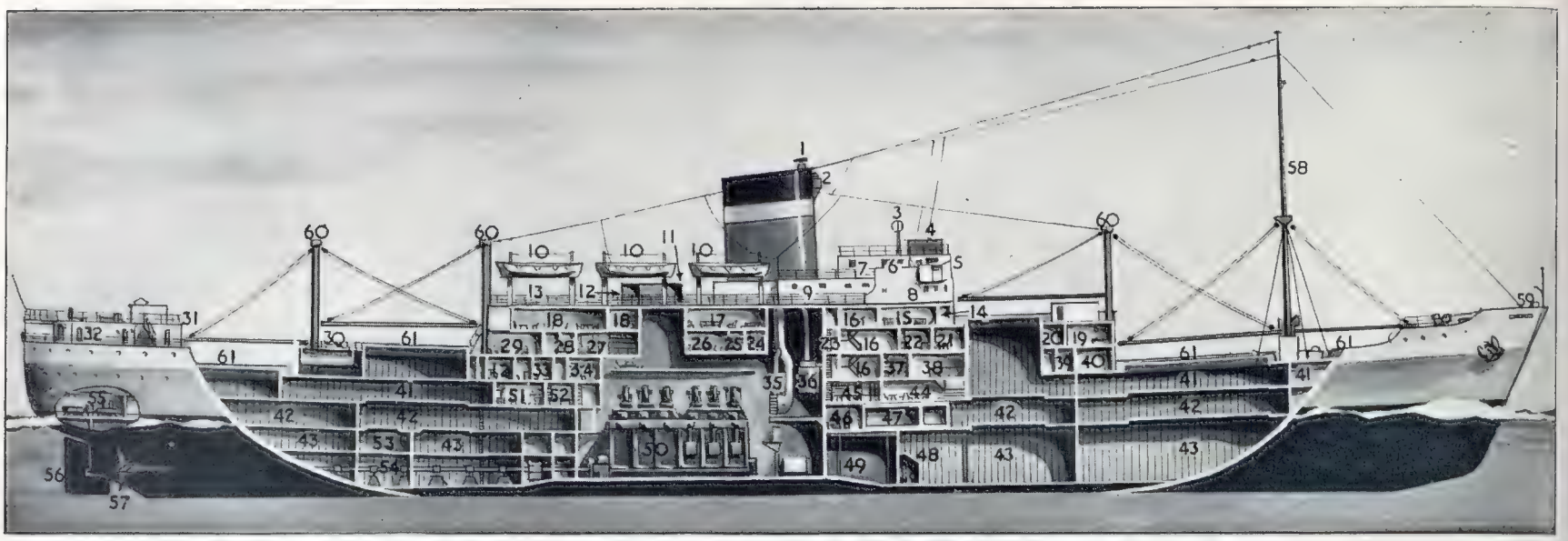
THE KEEL-PLATE OF THE "CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH": This picture was taken in August 1950 when work was just starting on the first of the cargo-passenger liners for the new Ellerman fleet. Ellerman Lines lost sixty ships during the Second World War, most of them cargo liners engaged on various world-wide trades. Forty have been replaced.



THE PROGRESS IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE "CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH" DURING 1951: *Left*—The hull as it was on May 17, 1951. *Right*—As it was in November 1951, with the superstructure beginning to take shape.

THE BOWS OF THE "CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH" AND THE "CITY OF EXETER" RISING ABOVE THE YARDS OF VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS: In construction the *City of Port Elizabeth* is about six months ahead of her sister-ship.

THE PROMENADE DECK OF THE "CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH": For a ship of this size the Promenade Deck is astonishingly roomy. In this atmosphere of roominess passengers can really relax during the voyage to the Cape.



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE FIRST OF THE FOUR NEW CARGO-PASSENGER LINERS BUILT FOR ELLERMAN LINES FOR THEIR SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICE: In this special "Sphere" drawing Winston Megoran shows how the passenger, crew and cargo space are allocated in the *City of Port Elizabeth*. The following is a key to the plan:

1. Radar scanner. 2. Steam whistle. 3. Direction-finding loop. 4. The Standard compass. 5. Wheelhouse. 6. Chart room. 7. Captain's accommodation. 8. Officers' accommodation. 9. Officers' and Engineers' smokeroom. 10. Lifeboats. 11. Engine casing. 12. Ventilation unit. 13. Sports deck. 14. Promenade. 15. Drawing-room. 16. Entrance. 17. Smokeroom. 18. Cafe and bar. 19. Bed-sitting room. 20. Bed-sitting bathroom. 21. Hairdressing salons. 22. Sales shop. 23. Service stair. 24. Service pantry. 25. Pullman berth store. 26. Ventilation unit. 27. Linen store. 28. Sterilising room. 29. Children's playroom. 30. Swimming-pool. 31. Laundry. 32. Crews' accommodation. 33. Engineers' baths. 34. Engineers' change room. 35. Main engine exhausts. 36. Auxiliary boiler. 37. Bureau. 38. Restaurant staircase. 39. En suite bathroom. 40. Passenger room. 41. Upper 'tween decks. 42. Main 'tween decks. 43. Lower holds. 44. Restaurant. 45. Kitchen. 46. Gyro compartment. 47. Refrigerated store. 48. Sewage disposal unit. 49. Oil fuel cross bunker. 50. Doxford main engine. 51. Special cargo locker. 52. Electrical workshop. 53. Cargo oil deep tank. 54. Propeller shaft. 55. Steering gear. 56. Rudder. 57. Propeller. 58. Foremast. 59. Look-out. 60. Derrick posts. 61. Hatches.

A NEW FLEET FOR AN HISTORIC TRADE ROUTE

(*Concluded from page* 50)

passengers? Coming aboard, they may have already glimpsed the cruiser stern, raking stem, single mast and large, elliptical funnel. Someone may have told them she is 541 ft. over-all, half the length of the *Queen Mary*. But more than anything they will naturally be concerned with their own accommodation.

The ship is so roomy that 100 passengers will seem no more than a sprinkling. The smallest of the bedrooms are as large as a luxury flatlet; every room on "A" deck has its own private bathroom and toilet, and the four largest bed-sitting rooms of all on this deck have beds which by day can be hinged upright into complete concealment.

Decorated in pale green or cream, most of the rooms have an entrance lobby, and all have as much wardrobe space as anyone would want. The dressing-tables, tallboys, bureaux, settees, armchairs and bedside tables are either in French walnut or bird's-eye maple, with bedroom doors to match. In the four bed-sitting rooms the decoration is a delicate pink, there are fitted carpets, and the furniture is of curled figured sycamore crossbanded with zebrano.

From the foyer on "B" deck, a stairway leads to the restaurant which extends the full width of the ship. Every passenger aboard can sit down here to a meal at the same time. "And," said someone who had travelled on other Ellerman ships, "they will certainly be impressed with the food." The four-oven range in the galley, incidentally, uses coal for cooking, and there is, of course, a complete bakery, butcher's shop and all the latest toasters, grills and apparatus.

On "A" deck is the ship's shop. Bow-fronted, with a door of clear glass, it will provide passengers with cigarettes, cigars, cosmetics, chocolates, souvenirs and articles of daily use—at duty-free prices! Behind the shop they will find the ladies' and gentlemen's hairdressing saloons. There is another charming little shop right aft of "A" deck, but it is only a "pretend" one in the children's playroom. And then, built into the after-end of the deck, is the swimming-pool, blue-tiled with underwater lighting.

Those who like to check up on their daily exercise will discover that about a dozen times round the promenade deck equals a mile walk. It is entirely open, wider than many a country lane, and at the forward end has sliding windows with glass to deck-level, giving an unobscured view of the sea. As they stroll along the promenade, walkers will pass the verandah café, the smoke-room, and the drawing-room, with a restful library-cum-writing-room between café and smoke-room on the port side.

Large, airy and gay, the verandah café is walled with large, almost continuous windows, and has "bay windows" either side which give a complete view of the promenade. Folding screen doors open on to the after-end of the promenade deck, which overlooks the swimming-pool on the deck below. There is concealed lighting, a central dance floor, and a cocktail bar.

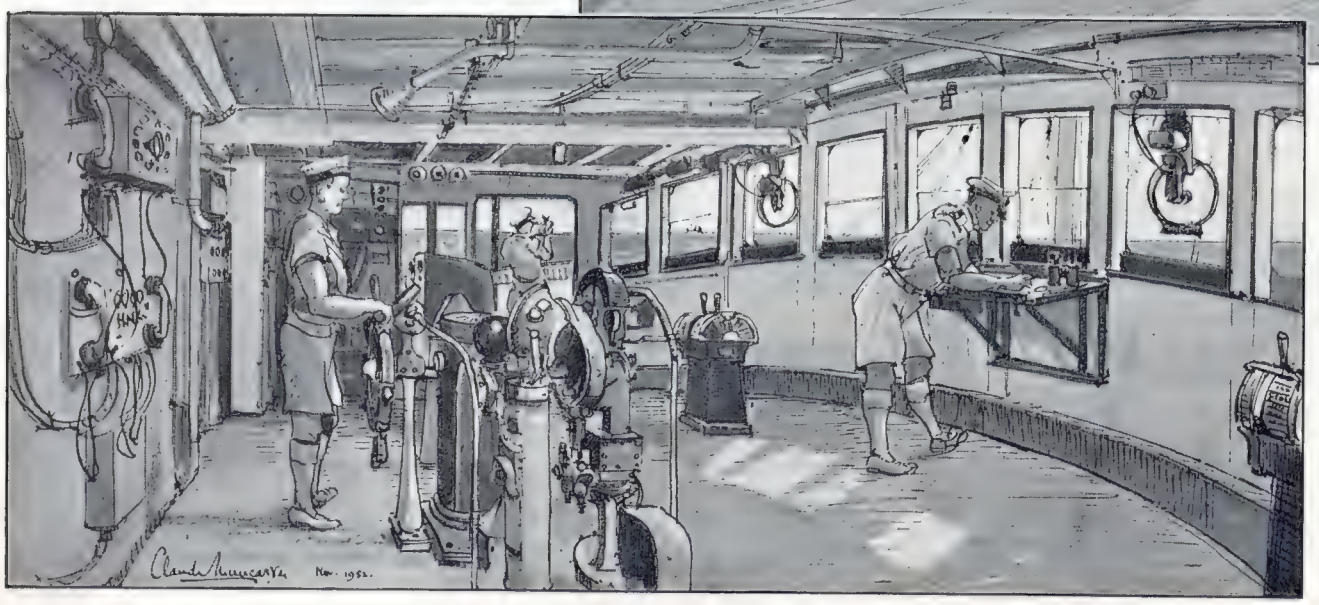
There are coffee and card tables, large, comfortable chesterfields and a stone fireplace in the smoke-room, and if at times there is a preponderance of men here, there will at others be more ladies in the drawing-room, at the forward end of the deckhouse.

In one of these public rooms on Sundays, Commodore Herbert Percival will conduct a short morning service, which—after passengers have come to know one another—will have an atmosphere as of family prayers. At Christmas, Commodore Percival celebrated the completion of thirty years in command. Now Ellerman's most senior master, he joined their fleet in October 1912. He has known South Africa for forty years, and been on the South Africa run steadily for the last four years. Early on the *City of Port Elizabeth's* maiden voyage he will make his celebrated short speech to the passengers: "We are not a floating hotel, but we *are* a ship." No criticism of the amenities; what this means will become apparent as everyone is brought gradually into the unique social life which only happens on shipboard.

In the first two or three days the purser, James White, will arrange a "book" dinner or a "town" dinner to help passengers to get to know one another. A sports committee will be elected, and will set about organising deck tennis, shuffle-board, housey-housey, and "horse racing," with two ladies throwing dice and a Totalisator for bets. There will be concerts daily in the drawing-room (the ship's record library carries twenty complete symphonies, as well as other music), and cinema shows will be given in the verandah café or on the sports deck in the warm evening air.

And then, all too soon, there will appear South Africa's magnificent Table Mountain like a great wall behind Table Bay, with Cape Town waiting to welcome the new ship, and a civic reception at Port Elizabeth a few days after, and a chance for passengers to go ashore at each succeeding port of call—East London, Durban, Lourenco Marques, Beira. Winter will have gone and it will be springtime in Britain when the *City of Port Elizabeth* completes the round trip, coming home at the end of March with a cargo of copper, tobacco, tea and asbestos, wool and canned fruit—and, for the passengers, carrying who knows what memories of brilliant, sun-drenched scenes, peaceful days at sea, and happy meetings.

THE GAMES DECK: Here again is astonishing roominess in a ship of this size. The deck-tennis players are favoured to a remarkable degree, with nothing to interfere with their exhilarating sport. The pear shape of the funnel is very noticeable from this position.



On left—

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH": The man at the wheel stands with the radar equipment in front of him. Other items of particular navigational interest in the ship are the gyroscopic compass and gear, a special room for which is just forward of the engine casing, the Direction Finder, a Visagraph Echometer and the Stability Indicator.

THE FENCING GOES UP IN BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER, AS WORK STARTS ON BUILDING THE CORONATION ANNEXE WHICH WILL PROVIDE ASSEMBLY SPACE FOR THE FORMATION OF THE CORONATION PROCESSION: The last of the ordinary Sunday services has now been held in the Abbey, and there will be no more for nine months. The whole of the Abbey is now closed for Coronation preparations, but daily services are being held in St. Faith's Chapel, which is at the South Transept and approached through the East Cloister. It has been announced that after the Coronation the public will be able to see the Abbey in its Coronation setting for about four weeks. To help meet the loss of income during the long closure a charge for admission will be made. A series of special Coronation services will be held there on the first three Sundays of June.

THE ABBEY CLOSES

For the Coronation Preparations

LONDON'S STARLING PROBLEM

THE PROBLEM OF THE NIGHTLY INVASION OF CENTRAL LONDON BY HUGE FLOCKS OF STARLINGS: *On right*—A flock of starlings wheeling around the steeple of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, where bomb damage is under repair. Hundreds more are perched on projecting stonework of the spire and on the scaffolding below. *On left*—Examining a trap which has been used in an attempt to reduce the starling population. The trap, baited with apple, potato peelings and carrots, has caught only one bird so far, and that was on the first occasion it was used. The flocks of starlings, which have become one of the sights of Central London, spend the daytime feeding in the suburbs and return to the warmth of the city every evening. Their droppings and the damage they do to old mortar make them a serious nuisance and a menace to valuable buildings. London is not the only city where starlings are considered pests, and in many parts of the country various means of preventing their congregation in great numbers have been attempted. Rockets, "bangers," electric wires, traps and ultra-sonic beams have all failed. Sometimes the starlings are temporarily dispersed, but they return to their roosts soon after the disturbance ends.

VINTAGE BOOKS OF 100 YEARS AGO

When the World was at Peace and the "Good Old Days" Produced a Handsome Literary Crop

By JOHN GORE

THERE are men and women alive to-day—a very few—who breathed the air which blew over England 100 years ago to-day. It is quite interesting and instructive to sift that atmosphere of 1853 and compare it with the basic components of our own. Scientifically the changes in a century have been breathtaking. But is science concerned with civilisation in its most vital sense?

A century ago to-day the funeral of the Great Duke, the greatest man in Europe, was still vivid in the memory of Londoners; and the man who had brought to an end the tyranny of Bonaparte had lived out the rest of his long life in an England free from war's alarms, an England which had come to believe that Waterloo was indeed the "last great battle in the West," and that the fatal and foolish arbitrament of war was a back number, a museum-piece. For forty years England had been at peace, apart from little sporadic disturbances on the frontiers of backward races. A new generation (so Justin McCarthy confidently summed up) was growing up in a happy belief that wars were things of the past for Englishmen. The England of that day might fairly regard the instruments and ways of war with the same curious wonder as that which Virgil prophesied would affect Roman ploughmen who turned up rustic swords on ancient battlefields. "*Redeunt Saturnia regna.*" There were grounds for confidence. Bloody revolution recently had swept through other capitals. In England a little "trouble" with the Chartists had been settled with the virgin batons of a few "specials."

The small British Army was kept amused with parades and reviews; no fear of war suggested Army reform at the Horse Guards; Miss Nightingale, emancipated at last, was putting in her first year as an acolyte at a Harley Street nursing home. Pacifists found nothing to work for. Their work was done. Englishmen had graduated in the new culture, had outstripped the old barbarism which still lingered on the Continent in Russia, Austria and even in France. We had learned the lesson that to try to settle international disputes by force of arms was barbarous and insane and totally ineffective. We had outlawed war for ever, and even duelling was a museum-piece. It might fairly be forecast that our enlightened influence would soon teach Europe to accept the same stark logic.

Il faut en finir and England had led the way. The middle-aged had never tasted war and why should they dread something outside their experience? Of course, there were a few dangerous gamblers with human happiness. The gay and painted Palmerston, for instance, who cynically believed, and sometimes said, that men were by nature quarrelsome animals, and in his policies occasionally revealed those qualities himself.

But Palmerston was . . . Pam and a great source of anxiety only to the Prince Consort and a few enlightened philosophers. In the golden days after the Great Exhibition the general belief obtained that the English had beaten their swords into ploughshares and pots and pans and had brought in a thousand years of peace. Not that Tennyson was always unequivocal in his prophecies and pronouncements. In his "Maud" he raised the disturbing possibility that Pam, after all, might be right again. But perhaps before he published he had studied some ugly facts unseen by the more myopic general public.

The "Eastern Question" was casting a shadow before; a cloud like a man's hand blotched the blue skies.

The Sleeper Wakes.—That "Eastern Question" ended the dream and forty years of peace for England. The Army found work to do and faults of organisation to correct in Crimea, India and all over the continent of Africa very continuously until the era of World War in 1914. Only in global warfare was it true to say that Waterloo brought us a hundred years of peace.

It is to be observed that the first part of the reign of Victoria, the years of peace, was the age of literature and the arts, the second the age of science, suggesting that science is the handmaiden of war, while literature and the arts flourish best in peace. As a corollary, it may be argued that these arts of peace require a sense of security, optimism, a belief that right will triumph and mankind advance along the road to higher things, if they are to produce their finest flowers, and that insecurity, disillusion and cynicism produce blossoms which soon wither and are ugly while they live. Be that as it may, those years of Victoria's reign up to 1853 enthroned as national heroes Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Brontë, Carlyle, Grote, Mill and other great writers. The heroes of the second phase were the scientists.

Without attempting to press too far a theory which is at once a commonplace and very vulnerable to contradiction by sound citations in the contrary sense, we find ourselves in 1953 living at a time when the conditions of 1853 are vitally reversed. For the last forty years we have lived in the tensest atmosphere of wars and war's alarms, and certainly we may argue that in those four dreadful decades the scientists have carried off the laurels and the arts of peace have been relatively in eclipse. We need not, of course, concern ourselves with genius. Genius is a plant which presses up through the hardest, iciest soil and flowers in intolerable conditions. And it has been observed (but in parenthesis) that our own race has a special genius for national greatness in times of worst danger made more acute by earlier apathy.

Literature's Most Fruitful Field.—But it does seem to me to support a premise I have just set down: that the output of what Posterity has come to call masterpieces or classics by writers of second-rate ability (that is, making no claim to genius) was curiously large during the first half of Queen Victoria's reign. Between the middle '40's and the middle '70's an astonishing number of novels by these "second class" writers was added to the "World's Classics" or the "100 best novels," according to reasonably popular judgment.

Taking them alphabetically (and missing a number of big fish) there were Ainsworth, Blackmore, Wilkie Collins, the Kingsleys, Le Fanu, Marryat, Melville, Reade, Surtees, Trollope, Whyte-Melville and Mrs. Henry Wood, all turning out books which have vigorously survived 100 years of revolution in our thoughts and habits. Some of these classics may have lost in reputation, of late; many of them, probably, the rising generation yawn over or despise to-day—but we can name a few, one at least by each cited author, which have done the trick, passed the test of time and gained the classic prize: *Windsor Castle, Lorna Doone, The Moonstone, The Water Babies* or *Westward Ho! Ravenshoe, Uncle Silas, The Children of the New Forest* or *Mr. Midshipman Easy, Moby Dick, The Cloister and the Hearth, Jorrocks, Barchester Towers, Katerfello, East Lynne.*

They differ in merit, differ in appeal to age and to youth, but they have not "dated" despite the irritation they may cause to readers trained up in the modern technique. And, though it is not possible to list all the vital factors common to their success, it is possible to find two or three such factors common to most of them.

The Classic Recipe.—The idea that good at last will triumph over evil, that time suffices to achieve that desirable end, that Law and Order govern civilisation and that discipline of mind and the acceptance of "that state of life unto which he has been called" should direct the individual until he has won to higher things.

All these principles flourished in past eras of peace and are upset in eras of war and its aftermath. Can we find in a similar period in our own day, say 1920 to 1950, so many writers below the rank of genius whom Posterity 100 years hence will acclaim as classics?

Can cynicism, revolt against convention, despair, the desire to shock, bitterness over past suffering, contempt for past leadership, can even brilliant satire and wit, achieve the results which the basic moral and social principles of the '60's achieved, even when social injustice was hideous and widespread?

I have read a great deal of the work of novelists in the last thirty years and remain a very indifferent critic. But it is anybody's guess (and guess-work even for the acknowledged literary critics of our day). But somehow I doubt if as many as a dozen from this thirty-year post-war output will be among the "100 best" or "the World's Classics" in 2050.

There is a basic principle applicable to the writing of biography which in different words and from various angles has been stressed frequently by biographers and critics: that to write a genuine and a successful biography the author must be "on the side" of his subject. Some have gone so far as to say that he must make his subject his hero. That perhaps goes too far. That he must be "on his side" and not "agin him" I take as essential. And what is true of biography, I believe, is true of the novel. The novel deals with humanity, the relations between individual men and women, and the novelist must see good in humanity and believe in the ultimate progress of human nature to higher levels.

He may, he must, trounce folly and frailty and make us laugh over our own weaknesses and absurdities, but, if he press pessimism, disillusion and cynicism too far, all his wit will not save his books from withering in his lifetime, from "dating" in the eyes of posterity, from being out of the running in the early stages of the classic race. The recipe for the making of a classic includes generous proportions of optimism, pity, charity and faith, and owes little to the seasoning of wit.

THE TOWER WARDERS WEAR THE NEW ROYAL CYPHER

YEOMAN WARDER W. G. INNES WEARS FOR THE FIRST TIME THE FULL CEREMONIAL DRESS BEARING THE NEW ROYAL CYPHER "E.R. II": This picture was taken on Christmas Day when the Yeomen Warders attended the annual service in the Chapel of St. Peter-ad-Vincula in the Tower of London. The service is known to have taken place every year at least since the seventeenth century, the Yeomen Warders attending in full ceremonial dress, on which is emblazoned the Royal cypher. Before the service the Yeomen Warders parade outside the Queen's House, where they are inspected by the Resident Governor of the Tower. At the 1952 parade the inspection was carried out by Major-General Sitwell deputising for the Resident Governor, Colonel E. H. Carkeet-James, who was away on sick leave. Following the inspection the Yeomen Warders formed a procession headed by their Chief Warder, Mr. E. L. Cook, and marched through the Tower precincts to the Chapel. They were also accompanied by the inspecting officer and by the Yeoman Gaoler bearing the ceremonial axe. The Yeomen of the Guard or "Beefeaters" were founded by Henry VII after the Battle of Bosworth to protect the King's person; to-day their functions are ceremonial. They are members of the Royal Household and are in receipt of pensions for distinguished conduct in the field. The warders at the Tower, however, form a separate corps and come under the jurisdiction of the Constable of the Tower.

FARM BUILDINGS AT YEW TREE TARN, A BEAUTY SPOT IN THE LAKE DISTRICT WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST: The nineteen acres of Yew Tree Tarn, which includes woodland, lie about three miles north of the village of Coniston, immediately beside the road to Skelwith Bridge and Ambleside. The tarn was formed in 1923 by Mr. James Marshall of Monk Coniston Hall, who built a dam, erected a fishing bungalow and did other things to improve the fishing. The original dam was washed away in 1950 and has been replaced. Although the lake is artificial and is of no great size, its setting amongst trees and fells is peculiarly beautiful. Its special importance lies in the fact that it is wholly surrounded by other properties of the National Trust. Yew Tree Farm itself lies on the south of the newly-acquired property. The money for the purchase of the tarn was found from the Beckton Bequest, a fund left to the Trust in 1950 by the late Miss Ethel Beckton of Tytherington, near Macclesfield.

YEW TREE TARN

"CART-WHEEL" HOUSE

A New Scottish Housing Estate

HOUSES UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE NEW HOUSING ESTATE AT FAIFLEY, NEAR CLYDEBANK, IN DUNBARTONSHIRE: Housing schemes of this kind are helping to relieve congestion in the heavily populated areas.

ATTRACTIVE DWELLINGS FOR CLYDEBANK'S GROWING POPULATION: These new houses at Faifley are greatly improved in appearance by the imaginative use of the different levels on which they are built.

A NOVEL USE FOR OLD CART-WHEELS: A view of "The Cart-wheel," the residence near Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, of Mr. P. C. L. German, the well-known antique dealer. There are altogether thirteen cart-wheels, twelve making up the fence and the thirteenth forming the window-frame which can be seen on the front of the house. This novel idea came when Mr. German found it impossible to find hardwood suitable for building an orthodox fence.

THE COTSWOLD HUNT HOLD THEIR TRADITIONAL BOXING DAY MEET O THE PROMENADE AT CHELTENHAM: This is essentially the day i the foot follower and there was a great gathering of spectato in the centre of the town as the riders and the hounds w gathered. The kennels of the Cotswold Hunt are out at Andove ford, on the Cheltenham-London Road, so the hounds did not ha very far to travel to this unfamiliar, urban setting for a meet. Th Cotswold Hunt dates from 1858, in which year Lord Fitzhardin ceased to hunt the whole of his very extensive territory coveri the present Berkeley, Cotswold and North Cotswold countri

A DAY OUT WITH THE HOUNDS

Boxing Day Meets in Town and Country at the Height of the Festive Season

THE EAST SUSSEX MEET AT BATTLE ABBEY UNDER THE MASTERSHIP OF LORD BURGHLEY: Mrs. Evelyn Harbord, of Battle, talking with the Master during the Boxing Day meet. In a few months the East Sussex pack will be celebrating its 100th anniversary. In the early days the kennels were at Marley Farm, Battle. Lord Burghley first took up the Joint-Mastership during 1939.

A STIRRUP CUP FOR MR. MUXWORTHY: The Honorary Huntsman of th Enfield Chace, a Home Counties pack operating in Middlesex and Hertfordshire, receiving a glass of wine at the Boxing Day meet a Leggatts, Potters Bar. The Enfield Chace is a new Hunt which cam into being in 1935, and operates as near to London as any other

WITH THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE AT THAME : The hounds at Colonel Ashton's farm at Scotwood after moving off from the meet in Thame High Street. *Below*—Members of the Hunt acknowledging greetings from foot followers when moving off to draw.

A MEET OF THE BOLD BUCCLEUCH : The hounds outside Eildon Hall on the Boxing Day meet. The Earl of Dalkeith and Lieut.-Colonel John Scott are the Joint-Masters of the Duke of Buccleuch's, which hunts an extensive country in Roxburghshire, Selkirk and Berwickshire. The Buccleuch Hunt dates from 1827.

HE BOXING DAY MEET OF THE GARTH IN WOKINGHAM MARKET-PLACE : Wokingham stands in the middle of the Garth country, a bank, hedge and ditch country offering consistently good sport. The meet took place near the town Christmas-tree, and there was a great assembly of foot followers. The Hunt dates from 1790, and has been known as the Garth for a century. Before that it was called the Bramshill Hunt. A well-known public-house at Arborfield commemorates the name.

HOME NEWS—WITH THE ACCENT ON YOUTH

Science and Chess for Young Elizabethans; To-morrow's Citizens in Conference; Screening the "Queen Mary's" Crew; Stocktaking at the London Zoo; a Record-breaking Car Trip

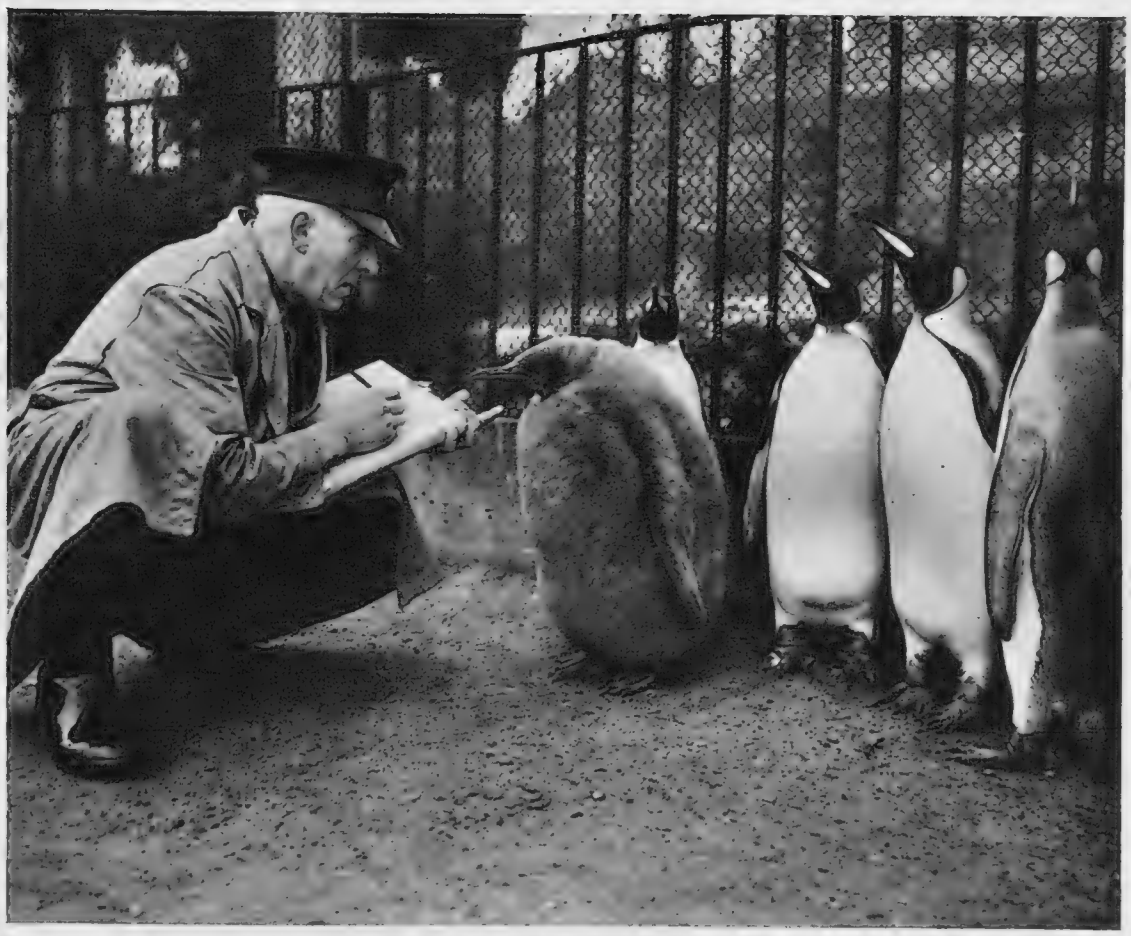
HEMMED IN BY A CROWD OF ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNGSTERS, BEARDED DR. F. SHERWOOD TAYLOR IS SEEN DELIVERING THE ANNUAL SERIES OF CHRISTMAS LECTURES FOR CHILDREN AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION IN LONDON: For this, the hundred and twenty-third course of lectures, Dr. Sherwood Taylor's theme was "How Science Has Grown," and covered a period of some 6,000 years. Speaking with a commendable simplicity, Dr. Sherwood Taylor told his youthful audience that science began when men first noticed that things behaved in a regular way; and its greatest advance was made when the learned men of the times started to record these "regularities." To put his story into proper perspective, Dr. Sherwood Taylor, who is Director of the Science Museum at South Kensington, recalled that during the first 3,000 years or more, men learned to do practical things and to record their technique, and so science slowly progressed until the period of modern science, which was based on accurate observations and hard reasoning. At the end of the lecture, which overran its allotted time, many of the children stayed behind even longer to see at closer quarters the working models which Dr. Sherwood Taylor had used as illustrations to his talk, which was one of a series.

MR. RUSSELL DANIELSON (RIGHT, CENTRE), AN AMERICAN IMMIGRATION INSPECTOR, ANSWERING QUESTIONS PUT TO HIM BY REPORTERS ON HIS ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON IN THE "QUEEN MARY": During the voyage from New York, Mr. Danielson has been interviewing members of the crew under the new McCarran Immigration Act of America. This Act is intended to prevent the infiltration of Communists into the United States. The new Act requires that all seamen should be thoroughly screened before they land in America. Of the *Queen Mary's* crew of 1,246, some 869 were examined on the liner's voyage to Southampton and the remainder were dealt with on the return journey. The Cunard Steamship Company have announced that both Mr. Russell Danielson and themselves were entirely satisfied with the work that had been carried out in connection with the examination of the *Queen Mary's* crew. Nobody had refused to answer Mr. Danielson's questions.

THE CUNARD LINER "QUEEN ELIZABETH" IN DRY DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON FOR HER ANNUAL OVERHAUL: When this picture was taken the water was still being pumped out of the dock, but workmen, in little boats, had already begun to scrape the flaking paint and traces of rust from the towering sides of the great ship. Over 2,000 workmen are engaged on the overhaul, and eight tons of paint will be used. The *Queen Elizabeth*, of 85,000 tons, was launched in 1938. She is powered by turbines developing 158,000 h.p.

THE JUNIOR CHESS CONGRESS FOR BOYS OPENS IN LONDON: This general view of the Congress in session was taken during the first day's play at the William Ellis School, Highgate Road. The Congress is open to all boys under the age of eighteen, and who live or go to school in the Greater London Area. The Congress is divided into three age groups—the under 18's, the under 16's and those below the age of 14½. There are 114 competitors in this year's Congress. Among the many champions who played in the Junior Congress in their young days is Jonathan Penrose, who was competing at the International Congress at Hastings while this year's Junior Congress was being held at the William Ellis School.

MR. H. A. NUTTING, UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, MAKING THE OPENING ADDRESS AT THE LONDON CONFERENCE OF "TO-MORROW'S CITIZENS": Mr. Nutting was speaking to nearly 3,000 secondary school boys and girls from all parts of the United Kingdom who assembled at Central Hall, Westminster, for the Christmas holiday lectures and discussions arranged by the Council for Education in World Citizenship. He told "to-morrow's citizens" that peace was Britain's only aim and that we could look forward into 1953 with confidence and hope, though there must be no relaxation of efforts or vigilance while the strengthening of the free world remained our continuing purpose and challenging task. The Conference, which was to last four days, had "Europe 1953" as its theme, and the discussions on the first day were devoted to the problem of European unity.



PRINCE, THE FIVE-MONTH-OLD KING PENGUIN, STEPS FORWARD TO REPORT HIMSELF "PRESENT" DURING THE LONDON ZOO'S ANNUAL CENSUS: Serene in their full adult plumage his older friends, who have been through all this before, are frankly bored with the whole thing. The Zoo's population is never stable, and an annual census and valuation is always made at this time of the year. New animals are constantly arriving from overseas and others are sent from the London Zoo to collections in other parts of Britain and abroad. Included in the most important losses of 1952 were the deaths of Zendy, the opaki, Chippy, the chimpanzee, and Grannie, the Concolor gibbon who lived in the Zoo for sixteen years.

On left—

CHARLIE, ONE OF THE COCKATOOS AT THE LONDON ZOO, EXAMINING THE CENSUS FORM: Charlie lives on one of the hanging perches in the parrot house, beside the great macaws, whose long and brightly-coloured tails are such a temptation to small boys.

A VISITOR TO LONDON FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF PAKISTAN: Jamal Khan, the Mir of Hunza (right), in the north of Pakistan, is on his first visit to the Western world. He is seen with his brother, Prince Ayesh Khan, who is wearing the costume of his country, at their London hotel.

THREE BEARDED YORKSHIREMEN, WHO BROKE THE LONDON TO CAPE TOWN RECORD, EXAMINING A STONE WHICH CAUSED THEM SOME ANXIETY DURING THEIR RUN: The three men are (from left to right) Mr. Charles Longman, Mr. R. Walshaw and Mr. George Hinchliffe, and the stone held by Mr. Longman is one that tore open the sump of their Humber Super Snipe while they were crossing the Sahara Desert. In this latest record performance, George Hinchliffe beat by eight days his previous London to Cape Town record, set up last year in a Hillman Minx. The outward journey was accomplished in 13 days 9 hrs. and 6 mins., beating the former record by eight days.

PROFESSIONAL TENNIS PLAYER DAN MASKELL DEMONSTRATING THE CORRECT STANCE FOR A SERVICE AT THE FOURTH LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION WINTER TRAINING SCHOOL: The small boy being coached by Mr. Maskell is twelve-year-old C. H. Applewhaite, of Lancashire. He is one of the seventeen boys and girls assembled for this course, which opened at the Southdean Sports Centre at Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex, last week. The course is intended to provide the youngsters with intensive training in first-class tennis. Dan Maskell, who is one of this country's best-known professionals, has always taken a keen interest in young players.

SCOFIELD'S RICHARD

PAUL SCOFIELD AS RICHARD II, AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH; A NEW AMERICAN MELODRAMA AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"HERE, COUSIN; ON THIS SIDE MY HAND, AND ON THAT SIDE THINE": Paul Scofield as Richard and Eric Porter as Henry Bolingbroke in John Gielgud's latest production of Shakespeare's *Richard II*, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

HOMICIDAL MANIA AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE: Joan Miller and Bernard Braden in Peter Cotes's production of *The Man*, an American melodrama by Mel Dinelli, author of successful psychological film thrillers. The play gives considerable scope to Joan Miller's talent for high drama, and presents Bernard Braden, better known as a radio comedian, in an entirely new and sinister characterisation.

THE OPENING SCENES OF "RICHARD II," THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF JOHN GIELGUD'S SEASON AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH: Left to right are Basil Henson as Bushy; Paul Scofield as Richard; Edward Mulhare as Bagot, and Nicholas Amer as Green. John Gielgud's season at Hammersmith has begun strongly with *Richard II*, in which he produces Paul Scofield in the name-part, which Gielgud himself has played with great distinction. It will run until the end of the first week in February, when it will be followed by Congreve's *The Way of the World*, in which John Gielgud, Pamela Brown, Eileen Herlie, Paul Scofield and Margaret Rutherford will play the leading parts. The season will continue until the end of June and the last production will be Thomas Otway's *Venice Preserved*. John Gielgud is producing all three, and has chosen distinguished decor artists to present his brilliant company of players. Loudon Sainthill, the young Australian, has designed sets and costumes for *Richard II*; James Bailey for *The Way of the World*; and Leslie Hurry for *Venice Preserved*.

THE HANDS OF A MURDERER: Another dramatic incident in *The Man*, when Howard Wilton (Bernard Braden) reveals his homicidal mania to Mrs. Gillis (Joan Miller). *The Man*, first production of the New Year at Her Majesty's Theatre, followed another American play, the ill-fated *Remains To Be Seen*, which ran for only a week just before Christmas. The new play is a tense melodrama, with the atmosphere gradually developing to a chilling climax. It tells the story of a casual worker who comes to help a sympathetic lodging-house keeper with her housework. He quickly reveals neurotic complexes which she tries hard to dissipate. But there is more to Howard Wilton than a raging inferiority complex, and the audience is aware of the uncontrollable force which can turn him into a murderer long before it has become evident to Mrs. Gillis.

WEDDING PICTURES from TWO CONTINENTS

Nancy Oakes is Married in America; A Midnight Wedding for a Duke's Brother, and Other Pictures of Weddings in the New Year

NANCY OAKES IS MARRIED TO BARON ERNST LYSSARD VON HOYNINGEN HUENE IN THE BAHAMAS: From left to right in the picture above are the Countess Jean de Premio Real, who was attendant to Miss Oakes, Lady Eunice Oakes (the bride's mother), and Miss Nancy Oakes. The wedding took place on December 29th.

BARON ERNST LYSSARD VON HOYNINGEN HUENE SIGNS THE REGISTER AFTER HIS MARRIAGE TO MISS NANCY OAKES AT ST. MARY'S ANGLICAN CHURCH, BAHAMAS: Miss Nancy Oakes (seated on left) is the daughter of Lady Eunice Oakes and the late Sir Harry Oakes, who was killed nine years ago. Standing behind the bride and bridegroom are (from left to right), Sir Sidney Oakes, the bride's brother; the Rt. Rev. Spence Burton, who conducted the service; Baron Ture Hoyningen Huene, brother of the bridegroom and the best man; Countess Premio de Real, attendant to the bride; and the Rev. Canon Holmes, who assisted at the service. After the wedding, it was announced by the police of Mexico City that the bride had been robbed of £20,000 of jewellery. A ruby ring, a pair of diamond earrings and an opal were among the stolen articles.

THE HON. J. M. LINDESAY-BETHUNE AND MISS E. M. J. KOCH DE GOOREYND AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE AT ST. JAMES'S, SPANISH PLACE: The Hon. John Martin Lindesay-Bethune is the younger son of the Earl and Countess of Lindsay and Miss Enriqueta Mary Jeanne Koch de Gooreynd the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Koch de Gooreynd of Petworth in Sussex.

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED ON JANUARY 14: The Hon. John Francis St. Aubyn, eldest son of Lord and Lady St. Levan, of St. Michael's Mount—a castled rock off the coast of Cornwall—and his fiancée, Miss Patricia Best of New Zealand, are seen shortly before boarding a boat which took them to the Mount for their Christmas holiday.

LORD MERRIMAN WEDS MISS JANE STORMONTH: Lord Merriman, who is President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court, was married to Miss Stormonth at St. Dunstan-in-the-West, Fleet Street. The bride was given away by Mr. J. A. Price and wore a dress of dove grey wool with pleated skirt.

A MIDNIGHT WEDDING FOR A DUKE'S BROTHER: Lord and Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton are seen above in a special picture taken before their wedding, which took place at 1 a.m. last Monday morning. The marriage was planned to take place at a more orthodox hour than midnight, but when the bride and bridegroom arrived at the office they were greeted by a large crowd of sightseers. The wedding was then postponed. Lord Malcolm is brother to the Duke of Hamilton, Scotland's premier Duke, and his bride was Mrs. Nathaniel Wales Paine, who is well known in New York Social circles and during the war founded the "Bundles for Britain" movement. This is her fourth marriage. Lord Malcolm and his wife had planned to spend their honeymoon in Scotland on the Isle of Skye.

The "Sphere" of Travel

SUMMER HOLIDAYS AFLOAT

A Brief Guide to the Summer Cruises in the Mediterranean and Elsewhere

By GORDON COOPER

TO write about summer cruises in January may seem somewhat premature, but this is not so; for such is the popularity of this particular form of holiday that already some cruises are already fully booked up, and if you, too, would wish to go to sea for two or three weeks, then it is essential that you make the necessary arrangements for booking a passage forthwith. Otherwise you may well find that you are too late. In any case the early bird gets a wider choice of accommodation on board ship.

Fortunately this coming summer will see a considerable increase in the number of cruises available, and this applies particularly to those arranged by the P. and O. and the Orient Line. In the case of the former company, there is a programme of eleven cruises offering a wide and attractive choice of itineraries. Ten of them go southwards to the Mediterranean or Atlantic islands, where new ports like Cannes, Las Palmas, Palermo, Messina and Catania (close by Sicily's lovely resort of Taormina) are now included. Greece and Turkey can be visited on the twenty and twenty-one day cruises, also Athens on one of fourteen days' duration—seven out of the eleven cruises are of a fortnight's duration. One of the cruises (fourteen days), leaving London on July 24, calls at Leith before continuing on to Norway's fjords. On all the P. and O. cruises there is first and tourist class accommodation.

With the Orient Line, eight cruises are available on either the R.M.S. *Oronshay* or the R.M.S. *Orcades*, both ships having a gross tonnage of 28,000. Four of these cruises are of three weeks' duration, the remaining four being a fortnight each. There is first and tourist class accommodation. All the itineraries are in the Mediterranean, with an attractive choice of ports. Particulars about the P. and O. and the Orient cruises can be obtained through any good travel agent.

Apart from all the usual joys of having a holiday in an excellent ship, I think that not least of its attractions is that you go travelling and see something of the world almost with home comfort. For, when I go journeying, usually on land, I find as I flit from place to place that I am constantly worrying whether I have left something behind at the last place stopped at. It may be my pyjamas, my slippers, or a toothbrush. Perhaps it is a kind of phobia with me, but it gives me frequent spasms of anxiety until such time as I can get at my bag, invariably to find that my fears are groundless. On board ship I would, of course, be free of this nagging irritation.

For those who prefer to travel in smaller boats, there are quite a number of opportunities available, although often one has to travel overland and embark at a Mediterranean port. This, however, gives one a chance to see more places in this sunshine sea, and many of these spots are quite exotic. There are, for instance, the modern liners of the Hellenic Line, which sail from Marseilles two or three times a month, calling at Genoa, Piræus, Alexandria, Port Said, Lebanon and Cyprus. Informal Travels organise an inclusive tour for this particular cruise, from London back to London, costing 110 guineas up for second class, 150 guineas up for first class. This firm also offers a fascinating voyage to Greek ports and islands, leaving London every Saturday overland for Brindisi, where the Greek steamer is joined. There are two itineraries, one occupying nineteen days with the rail journey, the other thirty days.

Should you want to join the increasing numbers making round voyages in the new motor-vessels of the Yugoslav Line (Yugolinija), then there are regular sailings from London to North Africa and the Dalmatian coast, having a duration of six to seven weeks and at the reasonable cost of only 77 guineas. I can recommend this trip. Should only two to three weeks be available, then there are frequent round sea tours from Rijeka-Fiume along the Dalmatian coast, taking eleven days, and calling at about a dozen ports.

Outside of the Mediterranean, there are various other cruises well worth consideration. With fortnightly sailings until the middle of May, there is the well-appointed Spanish motor-vessel *Monte Urquiola* (8,000 tons), for instance, which has accommodation for sixty-four first-class passengers, and takes you to the Canary Islands, with three days at Tenerife and Las Palmas, when you can, if you wish, use the ship as your hotel. The return fares are most reasonable, while sunshine, which most Britons crave, is practically certain. Then, starting on September 12, the Bergen Line's motor-ship the *Venus* will be making weekly trips to Madeira and back, from Plymouth, the return fare being from £35 up. You can, of course, arrange to stay a few days on this lovely island, returning by the following sailing.

Distinctly off the beaten track are round cruises to Iceland, sailing from Glasgow. The duration of the trip is ten days, which allows for five days at Reykjavik, where passengers can use the ship as their hotel—a suggested procedure, for hotel prices are rather high on land. Among the excursions that can easily be made from the island's capital are those to Thingvellir (Plain of Parliament), where annual meetings were held from 930 until 1798; to Almannagja, one of the biggest volcanic rifts in the world; to the lovely waterfall of Gullfoss; to the volcanic Mount Hekla; and to the Great Geysir, a marvellous giant hot spring. This cruise is run by the Icelandic Government Coastal Service, and the fares are from £33 10s. to £45. There is also another service (Iceland S.S. Co.) from Leith to Reykjavik, permitting about two days' stay in Iceland—but not on board ship. Return fares from £27. As Iceland is within the sterling area, no deductions are made from the basic currency allowance. There is an Iceland Tourist Office in London, 6B, Prince's Arcade, Piccadilly, from whom further information can be obtained.

Another cruise to a Land of the Midnight Sun is by coastal steamer from Bergen round the North Cape to Kirkenes. (These boats link with the Bergen Line North Sea services.) The round trip from Newcastle back to Newcastle takes just a fortnight, with calls at various interesting ports where land excursions are arranged, and the all-in cost is from £59 for the sailings before June 12, and after August 24, and from £66 during the intervening weeks. £10 is deducted from the basic travel allowance, but Credit Vouchers to an amount of about £12 can be purchased before sailing (in sterling) for use in making purchases on board ship.

Of interest, unfortunately, only to those persons who can pay in hard currencies, are the various fortnightly cruises by the well-known M.S. *Stella Polaris* to the Northern capitals and the Norwegian fjords, the fare being from 280 dollars up. Although this ship is now Swedish owned, particulars of the cruises can be obtained through the Bergen Line in London.

It is, however, feasible for Britons to make interesting round trips on German, Yugoslav and Israeli freighters to North European ports, sometimes, indeed, as far as Helsinki. These ships are excellently found, the sailings are frequent, the duration being from fourteen to thirty days, and the cost 24-60 guineas, according to the duration of the voyage.

Closer to home, there are a number of cruises operated by Coast Lines (Liverpool, Royal Liver Building; London, 227, Regent Street). Highly popular are the six and thirteen-day cruises from Liverpool to the Scottish Lochs by the S.S. *Lady Killarney*. This ship makes some thirteen cruises between mid-May and the end of September. On the longer itineraries about fifteen calls en route are made, and eight on the shorter tours. Prices are from 15 guineas for the six-day cruises, from 35 guineas for the thirteen-day cruises. It is also strongly probable (although details are not to hand at the time of writing) that there will be a round-Scotland cruise (Liverpool to Newcastle-upon-Tyne and back), taking about a fortnight. Then, farther south, there are weekly sailings, in both directions, between London and Liverpool, and these operate from the end of April until early October. The round journey of about 1,400 miles occupies approximately eleven days, calls being made at one or more ports en route, where sufficient time is spent to enable passengers to go ashore. Then on the voyage between London and Liverpool an Irish port (Cork or Dublin) is also visited.

For those who like to do their cruising along inland waterways, there are two firms which specialise in this form of restful and attractive holiday: Yacht Holidays, Ltd. (85, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1), and World Holidays Afloat, Ltd. (86, Strand, London, W.C.2). I can recommend both of them, and have had personal experience of their service. Yacht Holidays this year offer yacht cruises in Holland, Holland and Belgium, through the Rhineland, and on the River Seine to Paris. World Holidays Afloat offer a most enticing cruise on a luxury motor-ship through the waterways of Holland and Belgium. I am convinced that as far as Holland is concerned seeing it from a boat is the perfect way. Anyhow, it 's going to be my holiday in 1953.

I cannot do more than make a mere mention of the wide range of voyages that can to-day be accomplished in modern freighters—a form of sea-trip which often appeals to those seeking unconventional holidays. The one objection is that this class of vessel seldom sticks to a timetable, so you must be prepared for delays both in setting out and on your return. There are certain firms which specialise in this kind of transportation, such as Informal Travels (45, Queensway, London, W.2; Bowerman Brothers, 28, Ely Place, London, E.C.1; and Cooks). The ordinary travel agent is seldom of much use in this connection.

BRITISH SKIS FOR SWISS SKIERS

A "Coals to Newcastle" Success Story of a British Manufacturing Enterprise

THIS winter marks the Jubilee of the Ski Club of Great Britain, which was founded in 1902 and now has a membership of over 14,000. The occasion is appropriate for a review of British success in this realm of sport, and this is, in fact, taking place. But there is one achievement concerned with British ski-ing which has, perhaps, received too little attention—the manufacture and export of British-made skis.

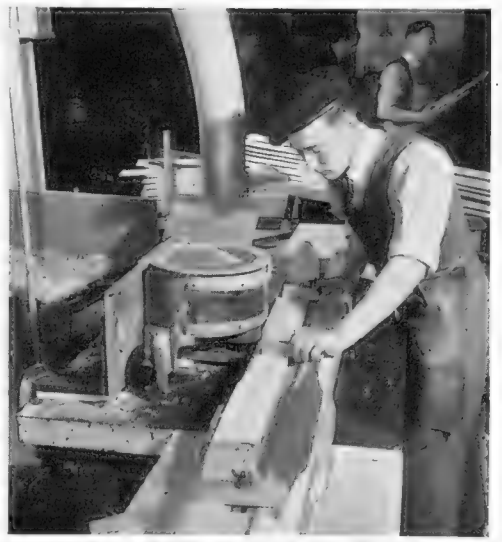
Here is a success story in the "Coals to Newcastle" tradition, as unlikely as though the Swiss were to manufacture cricket bats and sell them in the United Kingdom. Skis are being produced by the firm of E. Gomme Ltd., the furniture manufacturers of High Wycombe. Mr. Donald Gomme, elder son of the chairman, conceived a composite ski consisting of wood, plastic and steel, bonded together to become stronger and more efficient than the orthodox wooden type.

The underlying theory was to aim at producing a ski which would be efficient in all snow conditions, right through the range from icy "Piste" to deep powder; which would be easy and accurate to control in both turning and running; which would be strong enough very materially to reduce the risk of breakage, and which would give extra speed on gentle slopes. Big races, more often than not, are won on the slower sections of race-courses. There is little that can be done to increase speed in high-velocity ski-ing because of drag caused by wind resistance, but in low-velocity ski-ing much can be done by improvements to the ski itself and to the treatment of its running surface.

It was only a matter of months before these theories were being put into practice and the first models were being produced in High Wycombe in 1946.

The processes employed in building these skis, which use home-produced materials, are of considerable interest, and quite unlike traditional methods. To begin with there is no single piece of wood the length of a normal ski, or even approaching that. The ski is built up out of layers of quite short lengths of wood which have been selected for extra toughness, after having been carefully and scientifically seasoned to the moisture equilibrium which is met with in normal use.

The layers are then bonded together with plastic adhesives, using radio-frequency heating. In this technique radio-frequency waves are passed through the adhesive while it is under pressure. The molecules of the adhesive vibrate in sympathy with the oscillation and become heated to high temperatures within a minute. The older methods required many hours for the same result. With the use of radio-frequency heating, moreover, the heat is restricted to the joint, so that the strength of the wood is in no way impaired.



MACHINING A SKI TO SHAPE IN A FACTORY AT HIGH WYCOMBE: The skis produced here have won approval not only in Switzerland but in many other countries where ski-ing is possible and popular. Unlike orthodox skis, they consist of several layers of especially tough plastic bonded to laminated wood and steel. The result is very much stronger and more efficient than skis made entirely of wood.

A ski length of wood is now composed by "scarfing" piece to piece from short lengths cut from the layered block, so that each ski of a pair must be identical, a matter of considerable importance. Orthodox wooden skis, even those cut from the same tree, often vary.

Plastic compounds, of remarkable toughness, are used for the running surface of the skis. The plastics are bonded directly to steel, which, in turn, is bonded to the composite wooden layers. In the process of bonding the skis are given their characteristic turned-up shape. The steel plate is now sandwiched between the thin plastic running surface and the composite wooden body of the ski, forming a continuous core running through the length and breadth of the ski. The unbroken and overall steel edges resulting have many advantages over the orthodox edges applied externally and separately. A further layer of plastic forms the upper surface and to this the footplate is attached centrally.

The Gomme ski already has many triumphs to its credit. Members of several international and Olympic teams now use these British skis and many of the classic ski races, such as the Arlberg Kandahar and the Parsenn Derby, have been won on standard production-model Gommes. Export orders, accounting for most of the greatly increased production at High Wycombe, come in from far and wide.

NOVELTY AND ADVENTURE IN THE MOTORING WORLD

By Super-Snipe to the Cape; the Adaptable Motor-Scooter; Travelling Banks in Puerto Rico

BY ROAD TO CAPE TOWN—A YORKSHIRE TRIO IN A HUMBER SUPER-SNIPE MAKE THE FASTEST EVER OVERLAND RUN FROM LONDON IN 13 DAYS, 9 HRS. 6 MINS.: The Humber Super-Snipe, with its crew of three made up of George C. Hinchliffe, the forty-one-year-old former bus driver and now a Bradford garage owner; thirty-eight-year-old R. Walshaw, of Lightcliffe, near Halifax, and thirty-nine-year-old Charles Longman, of Bradford, aboard one of the primitive ferries which were the only means of crossing rivers during the run through the Belgian Congo and other territories. In all, the car covered nearly 20,000 miles—10,500 miles to the Cape on the outward run and the remainder on a return trip which ended in the Sahara Desert. There the Super-Snipe hit several unseen boulders and the sump was holed in three places. The car registered a mileage which the average motorist puts on his "clock" in a year's driving. On the outward trip the Super-Snipe covered 2,262 miles in two days while traversing Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia and on into the Union of South Africa. Earlier, the car had proved its sterling qualities in negotiating the soft sands of the Sahara in 75 hrs. 25 mins. On arrival at Cape Town, the car's condition was in such perfect shape that Hinchliffe decided not to undergo a thorough servicing and to turn round and set off home after a stay of only thirty-three hours.

A THREE-WHEELED, CLOSED-CAB MOTOR SCOOTER ON SHOW AT THE MILAN ANNUAL MOTOR-CYCLE SHOW: Built by the "Issi" Works, this novel motor-scooter has a 125-cc. motor and one cylinder, and can reach a maximum speed of 50 m.p.h. The scooter weighs 350 lb. and can carry a load of 220 lb. in addition to the driver.

ANOTHER TINY CAR AT THE MILAN MOTOR-CYCLE EXHIBITION: Ezio Cingolani dismantled his Vespa motor-scooter, used its 125-cc. motor, the wheels, gearbox and suspensions to build this miniature three-wheeled car. The vehicle can run at about 40 m.p.h. It is 9 ft. long and about 4 ft. high and wide. The motor has the normal 5 h.p., one cylinder performance of the Vespa. Cingolani built the car himself, in his own small machine shop.

LONGMAN AND WALSHAW CARRY OUT MINOR ADJUSTMENTS BEFORE FACING THE HEAVY RAINS OF THE BELGIAN CONGO: In all the journey was made across desert, over mountains, through scrub and swamp-land, sometimes at speeds of over 90 m.p.h.

RIDING 10,500 MILES TO CAPE TOWN IN A HOME-MADE MOTOR-SCOOTER: Mr. Alvin Rhiando, of Cobham, Surrey, in the enclosed motor-scooter in which he hopes to reach Cape Town in three weeks. *On right*—A head-on view of the tiny vehicle, which Mr. Rhiando, a forty-year-old Canadian engineer and designer, built at a cost of £1,400. The scooter's cab is heated and air-conditioned. The machine is also equipped with a self-starter, a two-way radio and springing adjustable to suit the terrain. Mr. Rhiando's schedule requires him to average 29 m.p.h., nineteen hours a day for twenty-one days. His object in making the journey is to demonstrate the merits of the scooter, which he hopes to market at about £150.

GETTING A GRIP ON THE DESERT: After a halt in the Sahara the only way of getting a start again was to lay strips of wire netting to enable the wheels of the Humber Super-Snipe to get a grip.

MRW 208 IS ESCORTED FROM CAPE TOWN BY A SQUAD OF HUMBER HAWKS: The performance of the Super-Snipe in Africa has been hailed as an achievement for Britain's motor industry and has resulted in the placing of orders for the new Rootes group 4-litre car.

"BANCO POPULAR"—A TRAVELLING BANK ON THE HIGHWAY RUNNING THROUGH THE TROPICAL COUNTRYSIDE OF PUERTO RICO: These banks-on-wheels are the latest innovation among portable facilities for the people of Puerto Rico, one of the main islands of the Caribbean Sea. They provide all the services which are usually found in stationary, conventional banks, and their object is to stimulate the savings-account habit among people living in some fifty-two remote communities on the island.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THEMES OF WAR AND PEACE

Peter Stainforth's "Wings of the Wind," Juergen Thorwald's "Flight in the Winter," and John Moore's "Midsummer Meadow"

NOW that the flood of war books has abated a little it is possible to estimate each one more clearly on its individual merits. There have been, there are, and there will be moving, clever, evocative and splendid books about that terrible amalgam of fear and boredom, horror and blankness which spell war. In the past six or seven years the books about the 1939-45 period have been many, naturally, and they have told stories from scores of viewpoints, even to the glorification of German generals.

WINGS OF THE WIND (Falcon. 15s.) is a war book, and the viewpoint from which it is written is a very simple one: that of an English regimental officer, who was a member of the original R.E. Squadron in the 1st Airborne Division, and who writes of his experiences with modesty and frankness, and with a vividness that brings the scenes of battle almost too close for the imaginative. "It is sometimes overlooked in these days of mechanised warfare," writes Mr. Peter Stainforth, "that it is the infantryman who is still the winner of battles, it is he who suffers the highest proportion of the casualties, lives under the wretchedest conditions, and yet is deemed to earn one of the lowest rates of pay. I have no axe to grind in my book; but I have tried to do justice to the ordinary British soldier, and to tell his story as I saw it."

That he has done, and added to that story a new and bright chapter in the tale of the British soldier's heroism, endurance and sardonic humour, the qualities that win many battles and always win the last one.

FLIGHT IN THE WINTER (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is a recital of such horror that I found I could only read it in small snatches and, at that, it is less than half as long as the original German text. Mr. Juergen Thorwald's book, translated here by Mr. Fred Wieck, has as its purpose the recital of the excesses and the terrors perpetrated by the Russians in their conquest of East Germany in the spring of 1945. The writer, who tells us that he was a simple sailor in the German Navy when he first had the idea of the book, consulted 2,000 documents for his source material and interviewed countless people who were either victims themselves or, as soldiers or party leaders, had what he calls an insight into the course of events. One might have supposed that the victims had that too.

The difficulty about this kind of book, sincere as it undoubtedly is, lies in the fact that all the censure necessarily is on one side and, while the gross brutalities, cruelty and nightmare horror are probably all too true in themselves, they are attributed only to one side. The revenge of the Czechoslovaks on the Germans in Prague is very nearly too frightful to write down, but, although indefensible by Christian principles, it did come about as a result of year after year of German frightfulness which included Lidice. And so on. Mr. Thorwald writes factually and, as I say, bases his narrative on authentic research. One need not doubt the reality of the terrible tales he has to tell, only one should balance them against the equally bestial acts perpetrated by his side.

Out of the shadows into the light of civilisation, even if the next book is a very small expression of that civilisation. The arts of wining and dining are small arts, too, but they have their place in the modern scene as they have always had, and surely there are few better guides to them than a well-known head waiter. FROM CANDLELIGHT TO FLASHLIGHT (Falcon. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Filippo Ferraro's personal story, and it is also a slightly romanticised but agreeable account of hotel and restaurant life as it was enjoyed under the ægis of Cesar Ritz or the Tsar's ex-chef in the 1900's, and in the less elegant but equally hectic years between the wars. In his recipe for the supreme *maître d'hôtel* Mr. Ferraro lists ambassadorial qualities, so it is not surprising that his own diplomacy prevents him from listing awkward diners, and lets him expatiate only on his favourites by name. On the whole a charming mixture of anecdote, sentimentality and professional good sense, and for many of us, a breath of nostalgia.

EVERGREEN "CHARLEY'S AUNT": Ada Branson, octogenarian survivor of the first performance of Brandon Thomas's celebrated farce, *Charley's Aunt*, and A. E. Matthews, who appeared in the play a year later, in 1893, seen together in the Quo Vadis Restaurant in Soho, when they took part in a gathering to mark the sixtieth anniversary of the play. From the restaurant they exchanged telephone greetings in New York with Ray Bolger and Jose Ferrer, who have appeared in American revivals and also a film version of *Charley's Aunt*

At least two or three of this week's novels are concerned with country, whether in a rural or a nationalistic sense, and in each case it is when the author is concentrating most closely on the aspects of the land that he is writing at his best. MIDSUMMER MEADOW (Collins. 10s. 6d.), for instance, is Mr. John Moore's new novel, and although he has a fine Dickensian sense of character and, occasionally, caricature, it is, nevertheless, with country sights, feelings and smells that he is at his best as an author.

His plot is simple enough (but so, if my memory serves me, is roast beef). An amiably eccentric doctor in a small village near which runs Shakespeare's Avon, owns an even smaller field of four acres and a bit. He has bought it because a rare kind of buttercup grows in it, and he has found fresh pleasure in his possession because he has housed there a group of circus people whom he finds companionable in their off-season "rest" period. Unfortunately for everybody, authority descends on the village, the fair folk are threatened with eviction and the buttercups with extermination.

Mr. Moore has a good deal of fun with this situation, which is only ostensibly a village problem, and, more profoundly, the author's version of the perpetual conflict between the State and the individual. He also conveys on almost every page his understanding and appreciation of the lovely, unsensational but rewarding countryside.

The land loved by E. M. Almedingen's hero is a bleak island off the coast of Finland, in which he is brought up as a boy with his widowed mother and his childhood sweetheart. THE ROCK (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) opens in the years just before the First World War, and it is on the one hand a romantic love-story, told with all this writer's compelling talent and, on the other hand, a young man's statement of loyalty to his cold, windswept home country. The scene of the story moves rapidly enough, from the north to Warsaw and south again to Pisa and Rome and little Italian towns and villages. But it is the rocky island, and the man's devotion for it, that dominate the story and give this book its curiously gripping quality.

I suppose that one of these days someone will write a really crisp, matter-of-fact account of life in some part of the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century without romanticising it all, and making all the young men godlike creatures of roughly 10 ft. tall, and all the young women beautiful, wilful termagants who ride horses twice the size of Foxhunter with three times the ease of Colonel Llewellyn. Till that day we must be content, if not precisely ravished with what we find instead, such as Julia Davis's novel, CLOUD ON THE LAND (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), which tells a good, workmanlike and slightly overtrimmed story about the development of the Missouri country and the life on a plantation in the Shenandoah Valley in the 1820's. The cloud is slavery and the approaching climax in which everyone in the country will have to make a decision for himself. Julia Davis writes with spirit and, even if the pattern is a little too familiar, its lines are harmonious.

Sentimentality is a word, or an emotion or a failing, that is quite foreign to the work of Miss Georgette Heyer, and for that all readers should be thankful, and her admirers, as ever, ecstatic. Since I find myself among the latter number, I will tell you that Miss Heyer's new novel, COTILLION (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), is one of the best of her effervescent Regency tales, that it is alive with implied and overt humour, and that it is not only gay but makes for gaiety in others. The scene is for the most part fashionable London in the first decades of last century, and the plot is based on the problems of a personable girl who has received several proposals of marriage and knows them all to be prompted by regard to her fortune. To escape these hunters she announces, quite discreetly, her betrothal to a young man of the *ton*, a veritable Tulip or Bond Street Beau, and the said Tulip, being also an agreeable young man, agrees to help her for a little while with the deception. As ever, Miss Heyer's knowledge of Regency terms, dress, customs and jokes is quite impeccable, and the whole thing is a well-bred packet of fun.

It is ten years since I saw the musical play made from Mr. John O'Hara's collection of *New Yorker* sketches, and even longer since I read the sketches themselves, but it is a pleasure to see them again in PAL JOEY (Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.). The pal in question is a singer in some of the seedier night spots of Chicago, as it might be a poor man's Bing Crosby, and the series of his letters that make up the little book are addressed to a friend, a prosperous New York band-leader. Pal Joey has neither grammar nor spelling to help him along, but he has in good measure a sense of opportunism, and a brisk way of dealing with such anxieties as overdue loans (to him), vengeful fathers and inimical managers. Mr. O'Hara had to invent a new letter-writing style for him, and what it lacks in punctuation it certainly makes up in humour and in a racy kind of toughness. I read it through at one sitting and think you may want to do the same. Don't be put off by the Americanisms—they are almost all self-explanatory and very funny.

CHATHAM

His Madness and His Genius

The "Brief Lives" Series, in its as yet brief career, has achieved an authority which more usually belongs to large-scale, full-length biography, both Herbert Agar's *Abraham Lincoln* and C. V. Wedgewood's *Montrose* having proved notable contributions to knowledge. Now comes J. H. Plumb's CHATHAM (Collins. 7s. 6d.), a most forthright biography in which we see the familiar figure of the Great Commoner who laid the foundations of British Imperial rule, who scourged the land with his armies and scoured the seas with his fleets; and we see also the less familiar, darker side of Chatham's character, which even the *Dictionary of National Biography* has been at pains to play down. At the outset Dr. Plumb makes it clear that from time to time Pitt was mad. In technical terms he was a manic-depressive, which meant that the tempo of his life would begin to quicken and that, amid the gathering momentum, there would be exultation, sense of power, visionary insight and a furious concentration of will upon the objects in view. Then, suddenly, his soaring spirits would plunge and despair—as dark a despair as any can know descended upon him. It was in those times of depression that Chatham developed that lofty aspect of detachment, that elaborately formal manner behind which he could hide. By keeping the world at a distance he could survive the storms of life, and survive he did through some of the greatest years in English history, years which he shaped by his own consummate genius through the medium of such great men as Hawke (the victor of Quiberon), Wolfe, who won Quebec, and Clive, who established British supremacy in India. It was the policy of Chatham which made those victories possible. Chatham stands out as the foremost figure in a grandiose age, one who loved England with an intense and personal love, who was full of passion and full of conviction of the imperial greatness of his country, and which is more, could state his beliefs in lofty eloquence that held Parliament spellbound. Perhaps the most abiding regret is that history has left us no verbatim reports of those speeches which made clear to men the way they wished to go.

The heroism and drama of Robert Falcon Scott's last expedition to the Antarctic will never be forgotten, and Scott's own modestly heroic prose in which he told of the last days—"pegging out," as he said, "in a very comfortless spot"—will be read and reread with pride by generations to come. Scott himself showed in his writings how much the expedition owed to the extraordinary spirit of all concerned, and now comes a junior member of that expedition of forty-two years ago in the person of Frank Debenham, who deals essentially with the lighter side of those fateful yet happy three years. He calls his book IN THE ANTARCTIC (John Murray. 7s. 6d.), which is not perhaps a very exciting title for this tale of glorious high endeavour and light-heartedness, but he succeeds most admirably in conveying the spirit of the men who sailed in the *Terra Nova*. Captain of the ship was the redoubtable Lieutenant E. R. G. R. Evans, R.N. ("Evans of the *Broke*"), who was apparently well to the fore in the wild mêlées that used to break out in the wardroom with the captain, his officers and the scientists of the expedition, all engaged in a more or less regular free-for-all for the mere joy of living. Much of this fun emanated from the fertile mind of Dr. Edward Wilson. Even the leader, Captain Scott, was utterly at home in this atmosphere, and from it Mr. Debenham shows there was built up the wonderful comradeship that helped this expedition to achieve so much in the face of such appalling hardship and difficulty.

Thomas Becket, the son of a Norman merchant, born and baptised in Cheapside, who won the friendship of Henry II became the King's Chancellor, and then, much against his own wishes, Archbishop of Canterbury, is not a remote figure shrouded in the mists of 800 years, and, indeed, in THOMAS BECKET OF CANTERBURY (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.), Alfred Duggan has produced a biography that bridges the centuries in its modern treatment of a very human personality.

THE TABLE TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS, first collected by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, has not been reissued for half-a-century, which is far too long, as most readers will agree, for Rogers, the meticulous scholar, the banker-poet, the dilettante, knew all the great men of his day, among them Fox, Byron, Wordsworth, Sheridan and Talleyrand, and he never hesitated to vouchsafe his opinions on them. This new edition, published by the Richards Press at 12s. 6d., is edited by Morchard Bishop.

In these days when telescopes like Mount Palomar are penetrating the heavens beyond the remotest galaxies known to man, books on general astronomy for the non-specialist are welcome indeed, and Ernest Agar Beet need offer no apologies for offering yet another one. THE SKY AND ITS MYSTERIES (Bell. 15s.) gives an outline of the whole field of research and an admirable introduction to a stupendous subject.

VERSE AND WORSE (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) is a personal anthology by Arnold Silcock of some of the more light-hearted trifles which have come to his notice in half a lifetime of keeping a scrapbook. As Mr. Silcock writes in his preface, "herein are rhymes with ideas and origins as diverse and remote from each other as the Archbishop of Canterbury from the Moulin Rouge."

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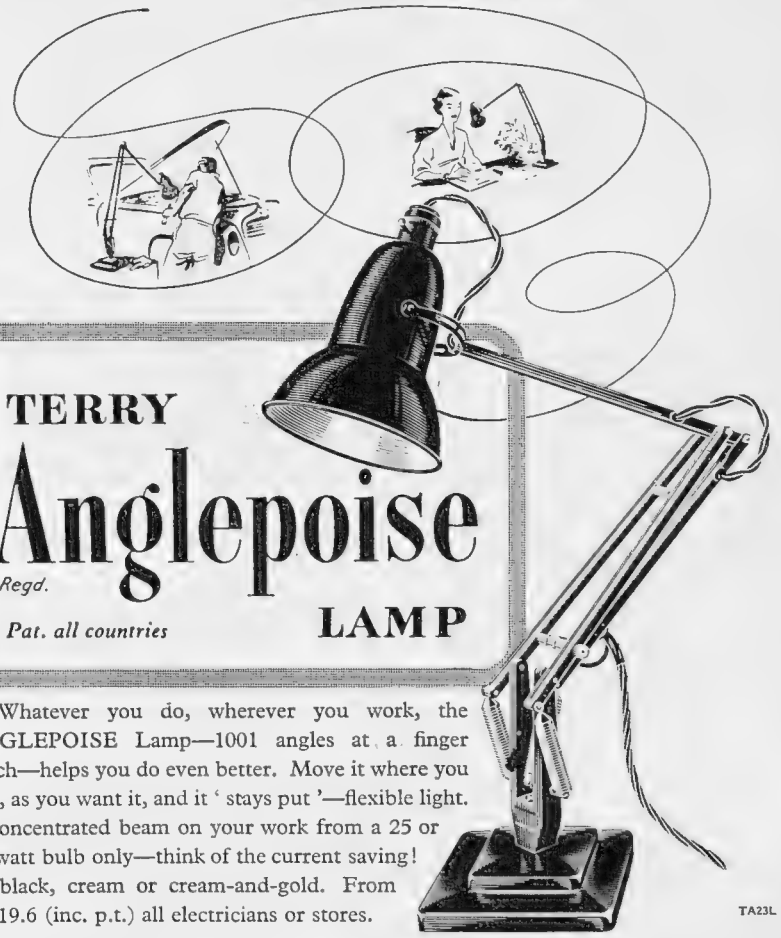

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	Technical	17—19½	*G.C.E. (Advanced Level)*
PERMANENT (University Entry)	*General Duties (Flying) Technical*	20—28	*Normal Degree at recognised university*
SHORT SERVICE	*General Duties (Flying)*	17½—26	*G.C.E.*
	Technical	17½—27	*Higher National Certificate*
	Other ground branches	*From* 17½	*G.C.E. or professional qualification in specialised branches*
NATIONAL SERVICE	*Almost all*	*During period of service*	*G.C.E.*

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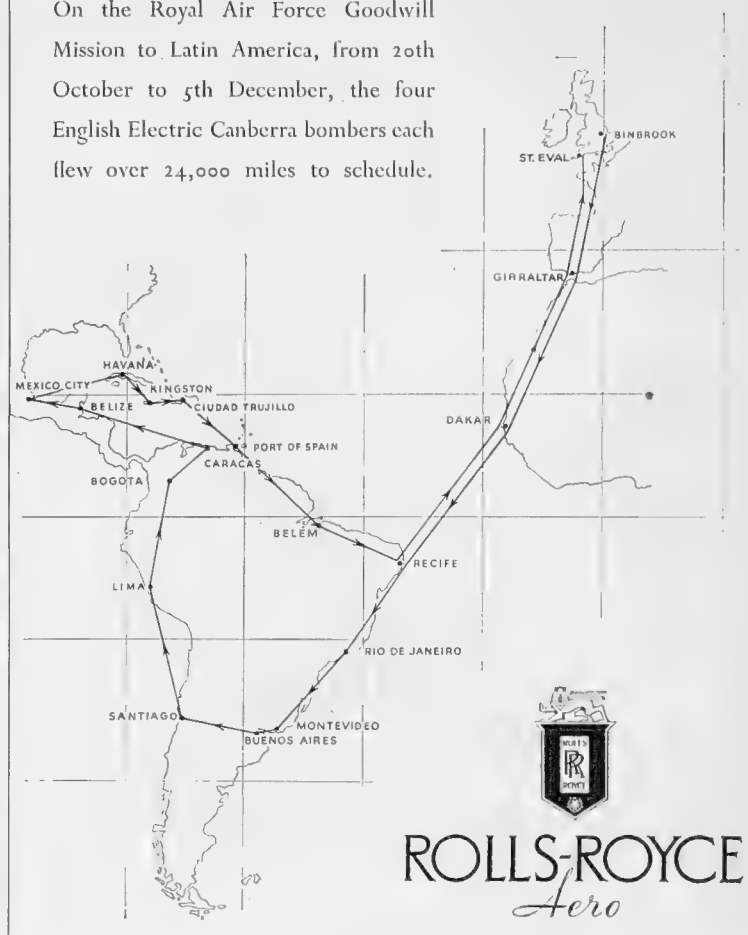

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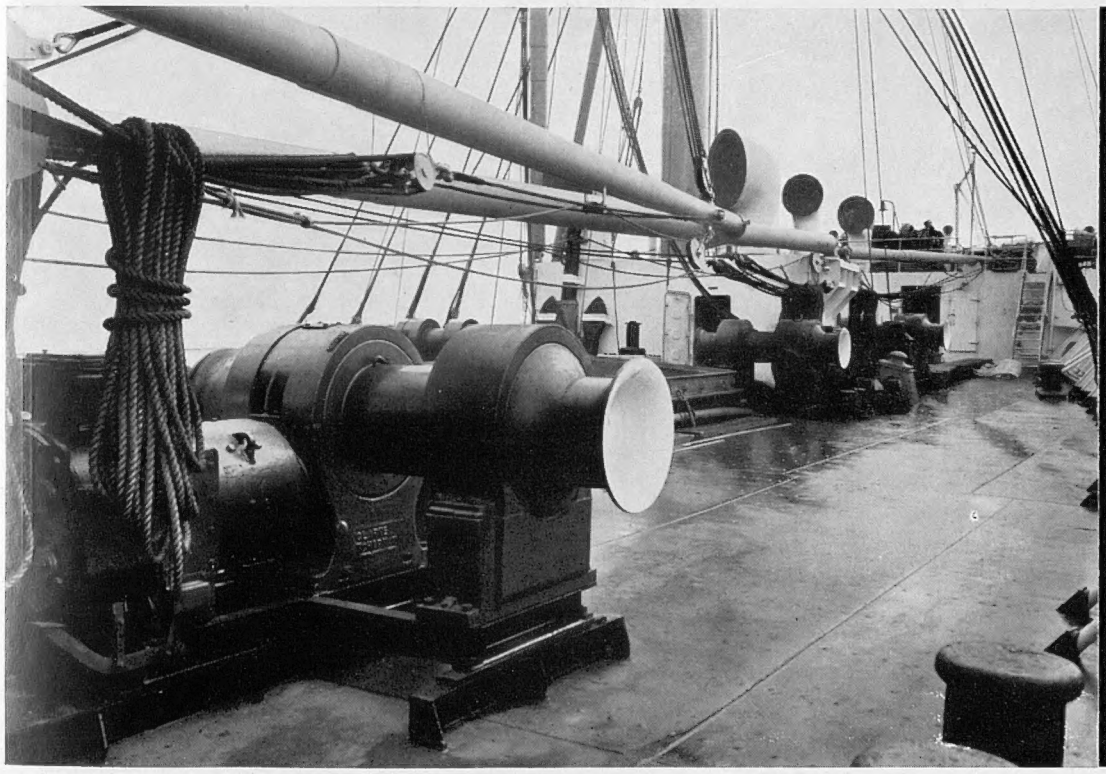

Four of the total of 12 cargo winches can be seen in this forward view. Photo by courtesy of Ellerman Lines Ltd.

Easier maintenance in adverse weather

A feature of the winch outfit supplied to the "CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH" is the separate housing of resistances and contactor control gear. One of the deck houses which contains this electrical gear can be seen in the photograph just forward of the open cargo hatch.

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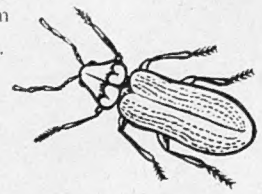

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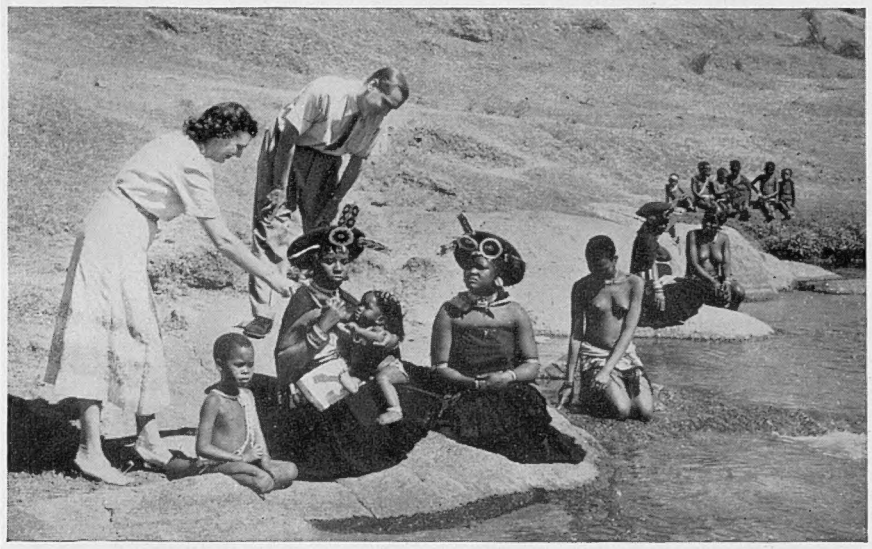

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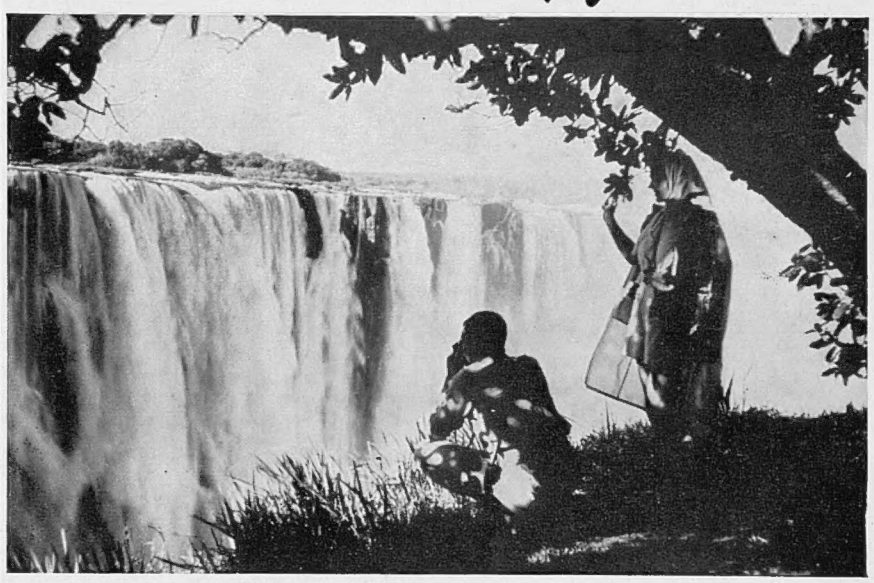

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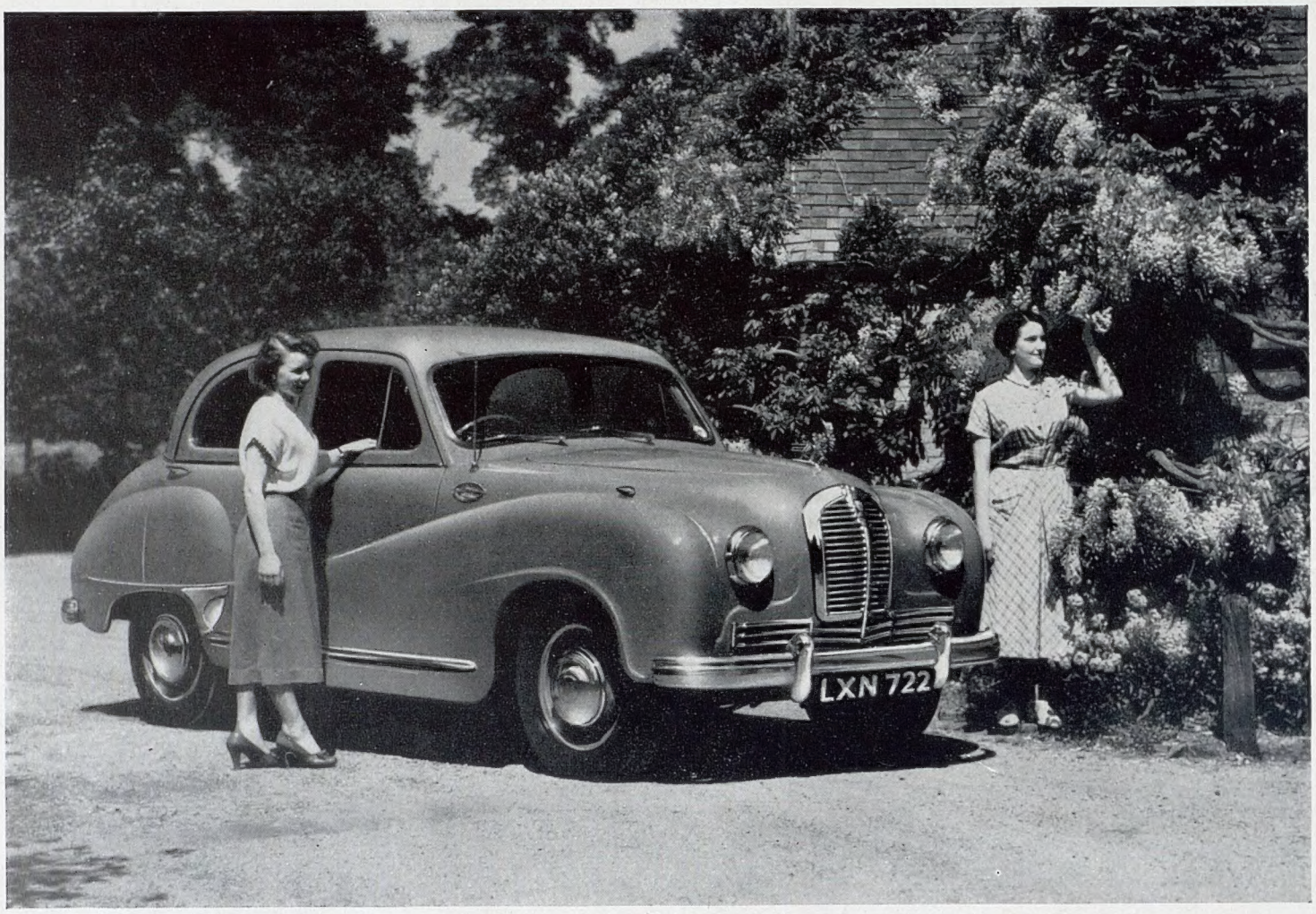

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